

THE
RIVERSIDE MAGAZINE
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Vol. I. — JULY, 1867. — No. VII.

SAMUEL ADAMS: A BIOGRAPHY.



SAMUEL ADAMS, the father of the Revolution, was born in Boston in 1722. He was older than almost any of those with whom he afterwards acted in public life, with the exception of Franklin. Washington was ten years younger, John Adams thirteen, Patrick Henry fourteen, John Hancock fifteen, Jefferson twenty-one. Franklin was in Europe during the years just before the Revolution; and Samuel Adams, more than any other person, led the movements which resulted in the independence of this country.

There is little of interest in his early life. His public career began in 1764. The Revolution grew out of the attempt on the part of England to force our ancestors to pay taxes without their consent. The Thirteen American Colonies, which formed the original States of the Union, though belonging to England and governed by England, had never been allowed to have any representatives in the English Parliament, and on this account they insisted that Parliament had no right to tax them, to raise revenue for carrying on the government. In 1764, however, the British House of Commons passed a resolution that Parliament had this right.

Adams had been a tax collector in Boston, and well knew how hard it was for many of the people

to pay the taxes already existing, and had, indeed, lost considerable money on account of his indulgence to those who were unable to pay them promptly. And he, and every body, felt that if England could lay one tax upon this country, they might another; and so might subject the Colonies to very great oppression. It is a very different thing to be taxed by another government from being taxed by our own; because in our own we have our representatives, and we all agree to submit to such taxes as the majority shall think best, even though we ourselves may not approve of them.

Accordingly there was a great opposition in Massachusetts to this idea of being taxed by England, which was industriously increased by Samuel Adams. The other Colonies also united in opposing it, and Franklin was sent over to England as an agent to protest against it. In spite of all this, a law was passed in 1765 requiring all deeds of land and written agreements and other legal papers to be made upon stamped paper, which could only be bought of agents of the British Government. There was much excitement when the news reached this country, and but little obedience was rendered to the law. In Boston the courts were closed, the merchants agreed to import no more goods, and business was almost at a standstill. The same feeling extended through all the Colonies, and a Congress was called in New York, which set forth the rights of the people in a petition to the king. Finally, the next year this law was repealed, and then the rejoicings were greater than ever had been seen before. Most people thought

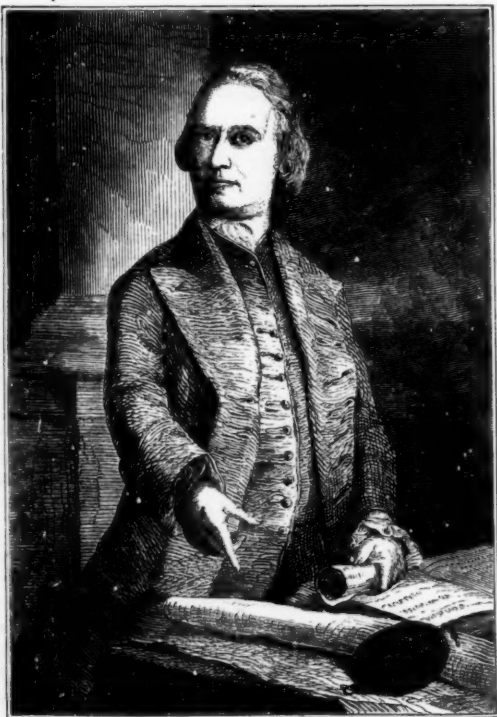
the trouble was all over. The steeples of the churches were hung with flags; the bells were rung and the drums were beaten at midnight; flags were raised, guns fired, bonfires lighted, and John Hancock, who was the richest man in Boston, gave a whole pipe of Madeira wine to the common people to drink. There had never been such joy.

Samuel Adams, almost alone, stood apart. He was looking to the future. To him this relief seemed but temporary, for Parliament while repealing the Stamp Act, as that law was called, declared that they reserved the right to tax the Colonies. It was a small thing, in his estimation, that a present tax was removed, if Parliament might lay another at will. He feared a return of the evil; and his forebodings proved just. Only the next year (1767) a new law was passed laying a tax on tea and various other articles. This caused renewed discontent, which was increased by the sending of a thousand troops to Boston to enforce quiet, in 1768. The sending of troops was like pouring oil on fire. The people refused to find quarters for them. Cannon were pointed toward the State House in Boston, and the General Court refused to do business under such

constraint. Finally, the tax was taken off from all the articles except tea. But this left the principle of the objection the same. The question was, of the right to tax any thing at all. Since tea was now the only article taxed, the dispute turned upon tea. The women abandoned the use of it. Tea-parties, which had been common, were given up. Many of the merchants again agreed to import no tea nor any other goods till this tax was removed. The few who still imported it were hooted at as they walked in the streets. Disputes arose with the soldiers. The

young men of the town and the soldiers sought occasions to pick quarrels with each other. At last, in March, 1770, thirty or forty soldiers armed with clubs and cutlasses had a set fight with the workmen employed in a rope-walk, and the soldiers were beaten. Stung with their defeat, a few evenings afterwards small parties of soldiers went about the streets provoking quarrels, insulting, challenging, and striking those whom they met. The streets were soon filled with soldiers and citizens; affairs grew desperate; a general fight seemed imminent; and a squad of armed sol-

diers were marched to the scene, with fixed bayonets, under charge of a captain, who at last ordered them to fire upon the citizens. Three persons were killed and eight wounded; and of all these, only one had taken any part in the disturbance. This was the celebrated Boston Massacre, which kindled the hatred of the colonists against the soldiers into a flame. It was everywhere considered as a massacre in cold blood. A public meeting was held at once in Faneuil Hall; a committee was appointed, with Samuel Adams at their head, to demand of the acting Governor of the Colony the immediate removal of all the troops



from the city. The Governor hesitated to comply. Adams reported to the meeting the evasive answer and pronounced it insufficient. He was sent back to renew the demand, and by the force of his overpowering will prevailed. His appearance before the Governor, at the head of his committee, demanding the removal of the troops, is represented in the portrait of him painted by Copley, now hanging in Faneuil Hall, from which the accompanying engraving is taken. The troops were removed from the city; and, as this removal was brought about by Adams, the regiments were

called, in England, by way of ridicule, "Sam Adams's regiments." The men who were killed had a public funeral. The soldiers were arrested, and Samuel Adams took pains to see that they had a fair trial, and persuaded John Adams, then thirty-five years old, and Josiah Quincy, to act as their counsel.

Meanwhile, but little tea found its way into Boston, and that chiefly by smuggling. An incessant discussion was kept up, meetings were held, pamphlets and newspaper articles written, maintaining the rights of the people and setting forth and complaining of the wrongs of the British Government. In all of these, Samuel Adams bore the leading part. Tea was accumulating in England, and it was at last determined to send a large quantity to this country, trusting that if it could only be landed the people would buy it. In 1773 three tea-vessels arrived at Boston. The citizens determined that the tea should not be brought on shore. The tax upon it, to be sure, was only a small sum. It had been reduced from a shilling to three pence a pound. The cost of the tea would have been cheaper than ever before. But the use of it was shunned as if it would breed a pestilence. The people had made up their minds not to receive and drink tea which was loaded with any tax whatever, imposed by the British Parliament. This was the point to which Samuel Adams had been leading them; that is, to a fixed determination to resist British taxation, even if it led to war.

The first tea-vessel came on a Sunday. But it was considered lawful to do good on the Sabbath day. Adams, though strictly a religious man, met at once with his committee, and sent word to the neighboring towns, and called a public meeting at nine o'clock on Monday morning. The bells were rung; and, in the presence of the largest gathering which had ever met together in Boston, he put the question whether that body was absolutely determined that the tea should be returned to England at all events. The people all agreed with him; and persons were appointed to watch and see that it was not secretly landed. Two other tea-vessels arrived. Constant endeavors were made to have them sent back, but in vain. Seven public meetings were held, all crowded,

excited, and resolute. The committee were almost constantly in session. Business nearly ceased. The one prevailing, absorbing subject of conversation was the tea. In twenty days the time would expire within which, under the revenue laws, the tea must be landed, or the vessels would be subject to confiscation. On the last day, a meeting of seven thousand people assembled, to make their final efforts for its return. The public authorities were immovable. The meeting lasted till after dark. Every effort had been exhausted. Seven thousand men had resolved that the tea should not be landed. The public authorities announced their final determination not to send the vessels back. Then Samuel Adams stood up in that vast crowd, and exclaimed, "This meeting



can do nothing more to save the country!" On the moment, as if this was the preconcerted signal (as it probably was), a band of men disguised as Indians appeared, hurried to the wharf, went on board the vessels, seized and cut open the tea-chests, and emptied the whole, three hundred and forty-two chests in all, into the ocean.

This was not an ordinary riot, hastily assembled, doing a deed of violence on the impulse of the moment. It was a plan deliberately settled upon, steadily carried out, with no unnecessary injury or disturbance. It was approved and no doubt participated in by the best men of Boston. It was considered, adopted, and executed only as a last resort; and, being done, it was justified and vindicated, not only at home, but in New York, Philadelphia, and other parts of the country, where

the news of the destruction of the tea was received with loud huzzas and ringing of bells.

In England, however, it led to harsher measures. A bill was passed, called the Boston Port Bill, prohibiting all passage of vessels or boats, however small, to or from Boston, or even from wharf to wharf. All supplies were cut off from the city, except such as could be brought round overland by the Neck. There was no direct communication with Cambridge, or Charlestown, or Chelsea, or Salem, or Marblehead, or any other place by water. Adams was looked upon as the chief offender. Endeavors had already been made to have him seized and taken to England for trial. It was now sought to bribe him by an office. The Governor was asked from England, "Why hath not Mr. Adams been taken off from his opposition by an office?" to which he replied, "Such is the obstinacy and inflexible disposition of the man, that he never could be conciliated by any office or gift whatever." Boston was reduced to great distress; but the firm soul of Adams never quailed for a moment. He himself was poor; and his family sometimes suffered for what were considered as the necessities of life. By moderating his opposition, he might easily have received a lucrative office under the government. But he felt that the cause of his country was at stake, and advised resistance and endurance to the last. Cattle, sheep, pork, flour, corn, potatoes, oil, and money were freely sent for the relief of Boston. From the towns about; from South Carolina, first of the remoter colonies; from North Carolina, Virginia, Philadelphia, New York, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, came substantial sympathy and aid. Washington declared at a public meeting that he was ready to raise one thousand men, subsist them at his own expense, and march at their head to the relief of Boston. Virginia recommended that a Continental Congress should be called, to deliberate on such measures as the interests of the colonists might require.

In June, 1774, the Legislature of Massachusetts met at Salem, in accordance with the proclamation of the Governor, who had the power of calling and dissolving it. Adams and his special friends had resolved to choose delegates to the Continental Congress; but knew that if their plan became known the Governor would dissolve the Legislature before an election could be had. An early day was fixed, only ten days after the meeting of the Legislature, and every thing being prepared, and the members having assembled, Adams took the precaution to have the door locked, and introduced his resolutions for the appointment of the delegates.

Few had known of the details of his plan beforehand. Some were surprised; others were fearful, and would postpone the question; one, in the interest of the administration, feigned sickness, in order to be able to leave the house and inform the Governor of the proceedings. Adams then put the key of the door into his own pocket, in order to make sure that no messenger from the Governor should gain entrance to dissolve the assembly. Such a messenger soon came, with a brief and hastily prepared proclamation, but could not get in. The scene of Cromwell dissolving Parliament was not repeated here. A crowd of stragglers gathered upon the steps outside, including a few members of the house who came too late to gain admission, and to these the Governor's secretary performed the farce of reading his proclamation of dissolution. The assembly inside pursued its business; chose Samuel Adams, John Adams, and three others as delegates to Congress; passed resolutions having reference to the state of the country; and then submitted to be dissolved.

The first Continental Congress met in September, 1774, in Philadelphia. It has been mentioned that Samuel Adams was poor. Before he left home, unknown friends sent to him a complete suit of clothes. He was now fifty-two years old. He had never been out of Massachusetts. But his name was known throughout all the Colonies, and also in England, better than that of any other man in Massachusetts. John Adams was not yet forty, and had devoted himself chiefly to his profession. Four of the five delegates who were chosen journeyed to Philadelphia together, meeting everywhere with the warmest reception. Boston had suffered more than any other place. It was the centre of all the earlier struggles against the tyranny of the British Government; and its representatives were accordingly treated with especial consideration.

The Congress met. Among other delegates, whose names have since become familiar, were Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, and Peyton Randolph, of Virginia; two Rutledges of South Carolina; John Jay of New York; and Roger Sherman of Connecticut. Of Samuel Adams in this Congress, Galloway of Philadelphia, who did not sympathize with him, said, "He eats little, drinks little, sleeps little, thinks much, and is most decisive and indefatigable in the pursuit of his objects." These objects were, to induce the Congress to recognize and declare that Boston had suffered in a cause which was common to all the Colonies, and to prepare the way for united and persistent resistance even unto independence.

The idea of independence, however, was still rejected by almost every one but himself. It was not yet time even to discuss this question publicly. Matters had not proceeded far enough for that. Separation from the mother-country was not generally desired, and indeed the idea was almost universally repelled. Adams, however, had looked far enough into the future to become convinced that separation and independence were a necessity. The result of the Congress was to prepare a declaration of the rights of the Colonies, and pass resolutions not to import or consume British goods.

In Massachusetts, military stores were accumulated at Concord and other places, and the men began to muster into military companies and practise drilling. The Governor would not again call the General Court together, but the members met under the name of a Provincial Congress. In April, 1775, it was voted to raise an army. The British force in Boston was now about 4000 men. Orders had been received from England to seize Adams and Hancock, and after the adjournment of the Provincial Congress, they had gone to Lexington, about fourteen miles from Boston, as the roads then were. Hancock had been added as a member of the Continental Congress, which was to meet again in Philadelphia in May. On the 19th of April, 1775, a military expedition set out from Boston, with a view of seizing Adams and Hancock at Lexington, and of destroying the military stores at Concord. Private information was conveyed in advance, which enabled them to avoid being taken. They witnessed the mustering of the militia on Lexington Common by night, and, it being already known that the plan was to seize them, they yielded to the compulsion of others, and retired toward Woburn. Adams, as he passed along, feeling that the shock of arms that day would prove the sure omen of his country's independence, exclaimed, "Oh what a glorious morning is this!" That day the battles of Lexington and Concord were fought.

Without returning to Boston, Adams and Hancock proceeded on their way to Philadelphia. The war was now actually begun. Massachusetts voted to raise an army of 13,600 men. Troops from the neighboring Colonies poured in, until the number before Boston reached 16,000. Boston then had a population of 17,000, and British troops arrived sufficient to swell their whole force to 10,000. The British general offered pardon to all who would lay down their arms, except Samuel Adams and John Hancock. This offer was ridiculed, and five days afterwards the battle of Bunker Hill was fought.

The Congress met again. Franklin, who had just returned from Europe, was now present, well knowing from his experience abroad the hopelessness of further entreaties for justice. While discussions were going on, events proved the necessity that Congress should assume the control of the army before Boston, and Washington was chosen Commander-in-chief, on the nomination of John Adams, seconded by Samuel Adams. The War of the Revolution went on. Adams pressed with all his might for a declaration of independence. He was impatient at the delay. To him it was clear that there was no other way but that. Others hesitated; some were timid; some advised further negotiations. But from the outset he never faltered or wavered. A world in arms could not shake his firm soul. The idea of independence, to be achieved by force, was the one thought of his mind. Patrick Henry, who had electrified the nation by his eloquent appeals in Virginia for a recognition of the necessity of war, wrote in May, 1776, to John Adams, "Would to God you and your Sam Adams were here." "The Sam Adams" of Philadelphia, of Maryland, of South Carolina, was a title bestowed upon leaders of the cause in those places. Yet he took no pains to be conspicuous. If an oration was to be pronounced, he did not seek to be the orator. In one or two instances, he even wrote orations to be spoken by others. He did not seek the first place on committees, or any other position of prominence. He was averse to display. He sought neither wealth nor pomp nor power. He was in no respect egotistical. He kept no diary. He took no pains to preserve memoranda of the part he took in public affairs. He destroyed letters received by him if he thought they could possibly injure others, or the cause he had at heart, in case of their becoming known. He was a modest man; patient of labor; willing and eager to do his full share, and more, of all useful work; willing also to leave to others the opportunity of display and honor. He delighted to bring forward others younger than himself; and no instance of selfish self-seeking has been recorded of him. In short, he gave himself with a singular devotion to the one object of the independence of his country.

Adams remained in Congress. At last, the Declaration of Independence was made. Disasters came to our arms, which brought despair to many hearts. It was almost impossible to procure powder. The troops were poorly armed, poorly clad, poorly fed; and with the greatest difficulty could be kept in camp. The British took possession of New York. Congress had to

remove from Philadelphia to Baltimore. On the recommendation of Samuel Adams, dictatorial powers were given to Washington, whose army became reduced at one time to about 3000 men. In the fall of 1777, Washington was defeated at Brandywine and Germantown, with heavy losses. Congress were again compelled to leave Philadelphia, and this time retired to York, in Pennsylvania. The armies went into winter-quarters. The British occupied Philadelphia. It was the darkest hour of the Revolution. Congress was brought down to only twenty members. Franklin had returned to Europe. The associates of Adams were despondent and dismayed. It was under these circumstances that he, then the Nestor of the assembly, made to them an address, which, for its singular adaptation to the needs of the occasion, is worthy to have its place among the first speeches of ancient or modern times. Its sentences have passed into familiar phrase.

"Gentlemen," said he, "your spirits appear oppressed with the weight of the public calamities. Your sadness of countenance reveals your disquietude. A patriot may grieve at the distress of his country, but he will never despair of the commonwealth. Our affairs, it is said, are desperate. If this be our language, they are indeed. . . . But we are not driven to such narrow straits. Though fortune has been unpropitious, our condition is not desperate. Our burden, though grievous, can be borne. Our losses, though great, can be retrieved. Through the darkness which shrouds our prospects, the ark of safety is visible. Despondency becomes not the dignity of our cause, nor the character of those who are its supporters. Let us awaken then, and evince a different spirit,—a spirit that shall inspire the people with confidence in themselves and in us,—a spirit that will encourage them to persevere in this glorious struggle, until their rights and liberties shall be established on a rock. We have proclaimed to the world our determination 'to die freemen rather than to live slaves.' We have appealed to Heaven for the justice of our cause, and in Heaven have we placed our trust. Numerous have been the manifestations of God's providence in sustaining us. In the gloomy period of adversity, we have had 'our cloud by day and pillar of fire by night.' We have been reduced to distress, and the arm of Omnipotence has raised us up. Let us still rely in humble confidence on Him who is mighty to save. Good tidings will soon arrive. We shall never be abandoned by Heaven while we act worthy of its aid and protection."

It was fortunate that such counsels prevailed. Burgoyne soon surrendered; rejoicings were renewed; and the tide turned.

About this time that portion of the life of Adams began which it is now most unpleasant to

look back upon. A quarrel arose between him and Hancock in 1776, which was not healed till 1787. Hancock was made President of Congress, upon the retirement of Randolph, in 1776; but he also aspired to be Commander-in-chief, at the time when Washington was appointed. In many respects he was just the reverse of Adams. Rich, ambitious, showy, fond of high living, and willing to receive full credit for his risks and sacrifices (which in truth had been many) in behalf of his country, his views in Congress differed in many respects from those of his colleagues. Hancock sought to make Adams unpopular, and succeeded. He spread a report that Adams was engaged in a cabal against Washington, which for a time was generally believed, though now fully discredited. In 1780 the State Constitution of Massachusetts was adopted, and Hancock was chosen the first governor, instead of Adams. The latter began to suffer neglect. It is sad to have to relate it, but the truth must be told. The people had already deserted their champion, who had never forsaken or neglected them. He took his final leave of Congress in 1781, and returned home at the age of fifty-nine, a poor man, with no private occupation, having for many years devoted himself exclusively, with a disinterestedness and fidelity rarely seen, to the public service. Now that the hour of the national triumph and independence was at hand; now that Massachusetts had become a sovereign and independent State, with a written constitution; it was surely fitting that she should hasten to bestow her highest honors upon Samuel Adams. But it happened otherwise. He was a member of the convention which framed the Constitution of Massachusetts; declined a seat in Congress in 1782 and 1784; was defeated as a candidate for governor in 1783; was a State Senator for several years; then, after his reconciliation with Hancock, one of the Governor's Council; a member of the convention to ratify the Constitution of the United States in 1788; Lieutenant-Governor from 1789 to 1792; and finally, upon the death of Hancock in 1793, Governor from that time until 1797, when he retired from public life, at the age of seventy-five, and died in 1803.

Such was Samuel Adams. Among the noble band of patriots who instigated and promoted the Revolution, in its earlier stages, he stood the first.

"Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single."

NOTE.—In the foregoing narrative, constant reference has been made to the recent *Life of Samuel Adams*, in three volumes, by William V. Wells.

DOINGS OF THE BODLEY FAMILY.

MASTER HIGH FLYER.

ONE day in June, Nathan looked out of the window of the children's play-room and counted thirteen kites flying. Some were so high that he could but just see them, and some so near that he could see the strings that held them and bent under the weight of the air. They were plunging and soaring, veering this way and that, and waving their tails behind with every motion. It was the afternoon, and he looked at his own half-finished kite on the floor, but made up his mind that he could not finish it in time for flying that day, but that he could at any rate get it all ready for the morrow. Lucy was helping him. She held the paste-pot, which was quite as much as she could do, for she had a doll in her other arm, and it was a very critical time, for the doll was taking her afternoon nap, which must not be disturbed. The kite was to be a very grand one, — it stood nearly six feet from the ground, — and Nathan was reflecting whether he should not have to ask Martin help him fly it; but what made it particularly fine was that his mother had painted a boy's face on it, which was looking with all eyes and with mouth half-open, as if he were just about to speak. The children called him Master High Flyer, because they intended that he should go up into the air just as far as a very large ball of string would let him. When Lucy's doll was fast asleep, she was laid down carefully in Lucy's lap, who then could help Nathan make bobs for the tail of his kite. The sun went down just as they finished making the last, and Master High Flyer was stood on tiptoe in the corner, with the paper tail hung carelessly over his shoulder, there to pass the night, his last night in the house, for to-morrow he was to start on his journey.

Just as they were leaving the room, Nathan and Lucy turned to look on the kite, and Lucy said, —

"I do think, Nathan, that it is too bad to leave Master High Flyer all alone here; see how his eyes look as if he did not want us to go."

"Why, it's only a kite, Lucy," said Nathan. "A kite does n't think any thing."

"Well, I mean to leave Sarah," or Salah as she always called her, for she could not speak perfectly. "Salah will keep him company, and she never has spent a night here before, for she has always slept with me. Good-night, Salah!" and Lucy kissed her and sat her upright in a little willow rocking-chair directly opposite Master

High Flyer, and then she went away with Nathan and shut the door of the play-room.

It was now perfectly still there and gradually growing darker, though it was light enough yet to see pretty well. Master High Flyer and Salah sat looking at one another; he leaning against the wall and she sitting bolt upright in her rocking-chair. He stared so hard and held his mouth open so, that she expected every moment he was going to speak, until at length, getting tired of being so still, and a little frightened too as it grew dark, Salah herself spoke out, but pretended she was speaking to herself only, —

"It is rather too bad that I should have had a nap this afternoon, for then I might have been able to go to sleep up here; but now it looks as if I were to keep awake all night, and I am afraid there is to be no candle lighted."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Master High Flyer suddenly, and then he stopped short.

"Did you speak, sir," asked Salah, after a moment, glad if they were to have a little conversation.

"Oh, yes! oh, yes! oh, yes!" said he rapidly.

"Well," said she, after waiting some time for him to go on.

"Oh, you are so beautiful!" said he all of a sudden. Salah did not know just what to say in reply; now she was getting confused, and at this Master High Flyer, who had nearly lost his wits out of love for her, grew more bold and tried to lean forward, but could not.

"Do not think," said he, "that I don't care because I lean back here against the wall. It is not my fault, and I do care a great deal. If you do not mind, suppose you move your rocking-chair a little nearer, for it is growing dark and I am afraid I shall not be able to see you much longer."

"I — I think I would better stay where I was placed," said Salah, who did not like to confess that she could not move her chair, though it was on rockers.

"Then we must make the best of it," said Master High Flyer, and there was a pause. "Oh what shall I say next?" he said to himself; "I wish she would speak;" but she did not, and he said aloud, —

"Are you pretty comfortable?"

"Yes, pretty," said Salah.

"Oh, you are more than pretty," said he with a sudden thought, and then he stopped short, for he was frightened again.

"You said that before," said Salah, "or something like it."

"And I will say it again," began he.

"Oh, but you must n't," said she; "you are getting rude."

"But I mean, if you want me to," said he.

"Well, not just yet," said she. "Tell me first how long you have been here. We might tell stories to each other, till we fall asleep."

"I shall not go to asleep, I assure you," said Master High Flyer, firmly.

"But I shall," said Salah, "and I begin to feel sleepy already."

"Oh no," said he in alarm; "here, I will tell you all about myself," and he began. "I will go back just as far as I can recollect. I think it was partly in the wood-shed and partly in the dining-room" —

"I am almost asleep," said Salah.

"Oh wake up, Salah! I do not remember anything at all till you came into the room this afternoon. You were asleep."

"I am not asleep," said Salah indignantly. "I have heard every word."

"I don't mean now, Salah — I don't mean now; I mean this afternoon. As I was sitting here and thinking that I did not know what was going to happen, and I had been lying flat on my back looking up at the rafters and feeling as if nothing was going right, just then I thought I heard footsteps, and pretty soon they came nearer, and the door opened, and then it shut, and Nathan came and helped me to stand up, and I felt pretty sure that something was going to happen, though I could not tell what; and then the door opened again and more footsteps came in, and then the door shut, and then Lucy came and spoke to Nathan and said she would take the paste-pot, and then, oh then, Salah, I saw you!" Master High Flyer waited a moment, but Salah said nothing.

"You were asleep then — were n't you, Salah? for I saw you and you did not see me." No answer came, and he grew uneasy.

"Salah!" said he gently, "are you awake? Dear Salah! — oh my! did she hear that?" But all was silent.

"Oh, I ought not to have made it so long before I came to her," said he disconsolately. "I ought to have begun with that; I ought to have said, 'Salah, the first thing I remember in my life is that I saw you, and I do not wish to remember

any further back;' and then she would have said, 'Oh, you must n't,' just as she did before, and I would have said, 'Well, I won't remember any thing further back, but I remember perfectly every thing since that;' and she would have said, 'Why, what happened?' and then I would have told every thing in little short sentences, and have put her name into each, and then she would have kept awake. This is the way we would have talked," and Master High Flyer finding Salah would not wake up, began and kept up a long conversation, saying just what he chose and making Salah grow to say very bold things indeed to him, and mighty pleasant ones to listen to. It was past midnight, and he was saying, "Then I would say, 'My own dearest Salah, you sat down in the rocking-chair,' (for he had got no further than this,) and she would say, 'Dear High, I remember, and you were leaning against the wall; go on, dear High.'"

"Dear High, indeed!" broke in Salah, really, at this point, for she had just waked up; "who said 'Dear High' to you, Master High Flyer?"

He was in a great fright and did not dare say a word, lest he should say something that would make matters worse, and he suddenly resolved to pretend to be asleep.

"I certainly heard talking," said Salah to herself. "I woke up hearing those words; it cannot be that I have been talking in my sleep. It would be extremely vexatious. I must keep awake, but I will pretend to be asleep."

And so there was silence for a long time; both were awake, but Salah was not going to speak first, and Master High Flyer did not dare to speak unless she were asleep. At length he said in a little whisper, as if he could pretend he had not spoken if she answered, —

"Salah!"

But Salah kept prudently quiet. Then he spoke louder and louder, and finally becoming bold again, he resumed his story where he left off, though he was a little more careful what he made Salah say; any thing that was very nice he only whispered to himself, and it made Salah grow very curious. It was indeed beginning to be light, and Master High Flyer felt that his time was short. He had now got as far as where Salah overheard him first.

"Just then I said, 'Salah would say, 'Dear High, I remember, and you were leaning against the wall; go on dear High,' and (here a long pause, in which Master High Flyer was saying to himself, 'My own most lovely Salah,') woke up and spoke these two words, 'Dear High.' Oh, I wish she had said them in earnest, but she was only

repeating what I said, and I was so frightened that I did not say any thing more out loud for a long time. If I had only dared to, I would have said what I only said to myself; but I was afraid she would hear me, and yet I wanted her to hear me. I was saying in answer to her question, 'I said, "Dear High" to myself, Salah; but I was pretending that you said it, because I wanted to hear you say it.' If I had only had the courage to speak this out, but I had not; and now it is growing light, and when Salah wakes up I shall not know what to say, especially if she asks me what I said in the night."

"Hem!" said Salah, who had, as we know, been listening all this time.

"Oh my!" said Master High Flyer.

"My what?" asked Salah mischievously. "Is it my me?"

"It's my Salah," exclaimed Master High Flyer in great excitement, suddenly coming to the point. "O Salah, if you only knew" —

"I know it all, sir," said Salah; and just then the door opened and Master High Flyer could see a little figure in white with bare feet come running across the floor. There was a moment only, for it was Lucy running to Salah, and Master High Flyer cried out, "Dear Salah, say you love me."

"I" —

But Lucy had now taken up Salah.

"You poor little thing, I am afraid you had a lonely night up here," said Lucy, kissing her, while Master High Flyer looked on in anguish. "I came up just as soon as I waked, and you shall come right down-stairs and stay with me, while I am dressing. Good-morning, Master High Flyer! I think you might say you did not want Salah to go," and away went Lucy with Salah. Alas! she carried her in front, and though Master High Flyer looked very hard, he could not catch another glimpse of his lovely Salah. The door was shut, and he was left alone in his misery.

As soon as breakfast was over, Nathan and Lucy came up to get the kite to fly it. Nathan looked it all over and pronounced it perfectly dry and strong. He fastened the ball of stout twine to it, and they marched off into the field where they were to raise it. The day was a beautiful one, and there was just enough steady wind to give the kite a good chance, without carrying it up too violently.

"Wait a moment, Nathan," said Lucy. "I want Salah to see it."

"A doll can't see a kite go up," said Nathan;

but she had already run off and soon came back with Salah, who now wore a straw hat which was very becoming. Master High Flyer was in agony, for as soon as Lucy appeared with Salah; and before they could even exchange looks, Martin and Nathan began to send him aloft. At first he plunged about, determining to get at Salah; but the wind took him, Nathan was running with the line, and soon he was rising steadily in the air. If he could only have had Salah he would now have been perfectly happy, for it made him feel so free and so excited to rise above the trees, above the house, higher and higher, till he quite lost sight of Salah, and could hardly see even Martin, who was pretty tall. He could see far off over to the sea where the ships were sailing, and he could see nearer by other kites that were flying about him, but he was higher than all of them, — and little boys in the country about were watching him till their necks felt lame.

Nathan was vastly proud of his kite, and now that he had let out all his string, he fastened the end to a stake in the ground, and so securely tethered Master High Flyer.

"Lucy," said he, "we must send a messenger up."

"Why, how, Nathan, and who can you send?"

"Oh, I'll show you; you go and get me a piece of paper and pair of scissors;" and Lucy leaving Salah on the grass, where she lay reproaching herself for not answering Master High Flyer, ran into the house and brought out an old envelope and a pair of scissors. Nathan cut the back of the envelope round, and another round hole in the middle of the piece, and told Lucy that it was now ready to slip on to the line, for he was not going to cut it but put it on the end of the line, and so let it slip up.

"But there is nothing on it, Nathan," said Lucy. "When it gets to Master High Flyer it will not tell him any thing; it must carry a message."

"But a kite can't read, Lucy," said the little boy; "a kite can't read."

"I have thought of something," said she. "Please let me take the messenger a moment, Nathan."

He gave it to her unwillingly, and Lucy scampered off into the house, where her mother was busy getting ready to make some butter.

"Mamma!" said she, "we are going to send a messenger to Master High Flyer, and I want you to write the message for him to carry. Here he is," and she produced the little circlet of paper. Mrs. Bodley laughed, and said, —

"Well, Lucy, what shall I write?"

"Write,—'I love you very much. Salah.'" So her mother took the pencil and wrote round the paper; but being busy, she made a mistake and wrote,— "I love you very much. Lucy." Lucy took the messenger, and ran out to where Nathan was waiting.

"Well," said he, "what has mother written?"

"Oh, she has written a message for Salah, and she says, 'I love you very much,' and that is meant for Master High Flyer."

"I think it's very silly," said wise Nathan; but Salah did not think so, for she heard Lucy and she was at once in high delight; but then she began to think,— "He has gone up so high that he has forgotten all about me. I wish I had spoken out earlier this morning; I should have said what Lucy has written, I rather think — after a while at least."

Nathan slipped the messenger on, and soon it was winding its way up the string, and at last was indeed nearly out of sight. They had got rather tired of staying by the kite now, so they fastened the string to the stake and went off without Salah into the barn, and then, when dinner-time came, into the house.

Now let us hear what happened in the air while Nathan and Lucy were away. Salah only remained sitting on the ground at one end of the string, up which was slowly travelling, spinning round, her messenger, and at the other end Master High Flyer, who was so high up that he could neither see Salah nor the messenger. Indeed he was getting to be very lonely. At first it had seemed a fine thing to be so exalted, but "What is all this," he said, "without Salah?" He struggled to get back to earth again, and switched his long paper tail about. People on the earth thought it very fine, and said, "How gracefully the kite is moving about; it must be very grand to be so high," and even Salah sighed and thought, "He is so proud up there that he does not think of me." How little they knew about it all!

Meanwhile the messenger was making his way upward, and now Master High Flyer caught sight of him, spinning slowly up the line. "Have you any word for me?" he asked eagerly, and looked with all his eyes. But the messenger was too intent on getting to the end of his journey, and besides, was so dizzy that he could not speak. He came nearer, he was within reading sight of Master High Flyer's great eyes, but alas! the writing was all underneath.

"What! have you nothing at all?" exclaimed Master High Flyer in despair, when just then the leaf turned up and he caught sight of "I" — He

leaned, struggled toward the messenger — snap! went the string, down tumbled the long line with the messenger on the tip end, away flew Master High Flyer, plunging about in the most furious manner!

He was determined now to get back to Salah, but alas! the wind carried him about vexatiously. "If it were not for my long paper tail," he cried angrily, "I could go where I like." He was, however, gradually descending, though it gave him a headache to turn so many somersaults, sometimes driving headlong down in a frightful manner, and then whisking up as if he were going back to the sky.

At length, when he was feeling quite exhausted, and was panting for the free air which he had been breathing above, Master High Flyer suddenly found himself stopped. He was in an apple-tree, leaning against a stout branch and standing upon one still stouter, while his paper tail, much bruised, was hanging wearily over a little twig behind. He had reached the end of his fall, but his condition was more hopeless than before. The green leaves were about him, and he seemed quite hidden from sight. And what was written on the paper? That was gone and he could not know. Was it not a sad ending?

What was the amazement of Nathan and Lucy when they came into the field after dinner and found Salah indeed at her post, but the kite gone and the string fallen on the ground.

"Oh Lucy, Lucy," said Nathan, "the kite has broken the string!"

"Perhaps Salah knows about it," said she.

"But a doll can't tell!" said Nathan. Salah did know something about it; she had seen Master High Flyer break loose, and then she had cried so hard that she did not see the rest, and now she tried to tell, but she could not. The children took her with them, however, as they untied the string from the stake, and began to wind it, keeping watch all the while for Master High Flyer. When they had reached the end of the line, they looked all about them.

"Where is the messenger?" asked Lucy. "I hope it reached Master High Flyer."

"It is not here, at any rate," said Nathan. Was it not? Only one could have told where it was, and yet it was not far off. The mole knew; he had dragged it into his hole, and there, where it was nice and dark, he was reading it by the light of his wife's eyes.

"Where did you get this?" said she, sharply. "My name is not Lucy."

"No matter," said he; for he thought it was meant for him. So they began to quarrel, and the end was that the mole lived at one end of his long hole and his wife at the other for nearly a week.

The children wandered about with Salah in the orchard, and finally laying Salah on the grass, went off and began to pick up what they called lemons, but the juice seemed to have turned to ashes. They heard the horn sound in the distance. It was a long tin horn which Martin used to sound whenever he was going off in the cart, so that the children might hear and have a jouncing ride with him. Away they ran, throwing away their lemons, and only afraid lest they should be too late to catch Martin.

Now Salah was left alone, but she was lying on her back and looking up into a tree. The more she looked the more sure she was that she saw Master High Flyer in the branches. It did not seem possible, for she supposed he had flown away into the sky. She did not know what to do. Should she speak first? She wondered if the messenger had reached Master High Flyer. She finally thought she would cough.

"What!" came a voice from the branches. "Oh, cough again!" but Salah kept quiet.

"Dear, dear!" said Master High Flyer sadly, for it was indeed he, "I thought I heard my dear Salah, but I must give all up, I see, and rot here among the branches."

"Can he have got the message or no?" thought Salah, but she was so perplexed about it that she did not notice that she had said it aloud.

"The message!" cried Master High Flyer. "Then you did send it! and you said what I wanted you to, and now you are there! O Salah!"

"Well," said Salah, as composed as she could, "yes, I am here."

"But come up! come up!" said he impatiently. "I cannot see you."

"Oh you come down," said she; but just then a breath of wind made Master High Flyer lean forward a little, and they saw each other fully, and he was so wo-begone with his hard flight that Salah could keep back no longer, and she cried, —

"Dear High, I wish I could get to you."

How glad she was then when Kitty came scampering up through the grass. It was Lucy's kitty, who had often played with Salah, and now began capering about.

"Do, dear Kitty," said Salah, "take me up into the tree."

"Into the tree? Well, I will, but you will be better off down here, I assure you. What is there in the tree?" But Kitty took her up by the waist and went nimbly up the tree. "Here we are," said she; "why, I do believe here is Master High Flyer — oh! you knew that, Miss Salah," said Kitty mischievously, and bounded down again.

And there was Salah at last with Master High Flyer, and the leaves grew about them so thick that they were not seen all the summer long, but lived together in the boughs and looked at each other and told stories, beginning with when they were born. The autumn came, and when the leaves dropped off, there was Master High Flyer still, but he had withered down to two sticks and a bit of twine; and Salah was there too, and she was old and ragged and pinched in her face; but they still sat with one another and never knew that they were grown old, for they were eternally talking about the days when they were young.

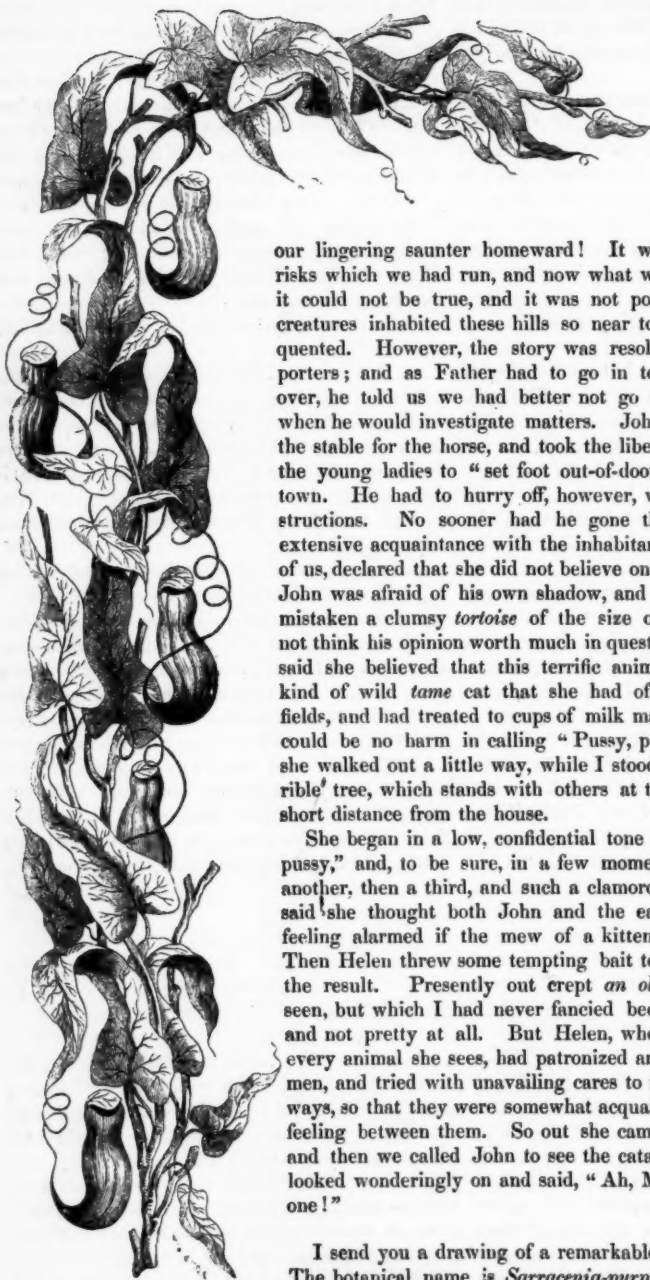
H. E. S.

AMONG THE TREES.

July 5.

"T is now the prime of summer time," and though the middle of the day is often overpowering in its heat, the delicious mornings and evenings are charming beyond description, and we are tempted to prolong our strolls in these golden midsummer twilights, until starlight and moonlight add their own charm to the shaded landscape. But, yesterday, a rumor of something terrific seemed likely to put an end to grotto visiting and woodland wandering. While we were

at breakfast John came in, with terror on his honest face, to report to "the master" that a man passing by in the early morning had seen a *Wildcat* or *Catamount* climbing an old tree that stands by the brook and disappearing in a large hole in the trunk, from which he heard strange mewings, and supposed the young ones were in there; indeed he had seen a head popping out before the old one went in. Oh dear, only to think of it! A *catamount* to spring down upon our heads as we strolled thoughtlessly



under the trees. And how we had ranged those woods and hills all summer long with no thought of wildcat or wild beast of any kind! How we had loitered in that grotto till the dusky twilight was deepening into evening, and what if one of those prowling wretches had pounced upon us in

our lingering saunter homeward! It was frightful to think of the risks which we had run, and now what was to be done? Father said it could not be true, and it was not possible that any of these wild creatures inhabited these hills so near to residences and so much frequented. However, the story was resolutely "stood to" by the reporters; and as Father had to go in town as soon as breakfast was over, he told us we had better not go to the woods till his return, when he would investigate matters. John was almost afraid to go to the stable for the horse, and took the liberty to advise Father to forbid the young ladies to "set foot out-of-doors" until he came back from town. He had to hurry off, however, without time for any more instructions. No sooner had he gone than Helen, who has a more extensive acquaintance with the inhabitants of the fastnesses than any of us, declared that she did not believe one word of this story; she said John was afraid of his own shadow, and as he had a few weeks before mistaken a clumsy *tortoise* of the size of his fist for a *snake*, she did not think his opinion worth much in questions of Natural History. She said she believed that this terrific animal was nothing worse than a kind of wild *tame* cat that she had often seen scudding across the fields, and had treated to cups of milk many a time; at any rate there could be no harm in calling "Pussy, pussy," at a safe distance. So she walked out a little way, while I stood on the piazza, — for the terrible tree, which stands with others at the edge of a ravine, is but a short distance from the house.

She began in a low, confidential tone the familiar call of "Pussy, pussy," and, to be sure, in a few moments out popped one head, then another, then a third, and such a clamorous mewing that Aunt Emily said she thought both John and the early traveller were justified in feeling alarmed if the mew of a kitten was a new sound to them. Then Helen threw some tempting bait toward the tree, and we waited the result. Presently out crept an *old cat* that we both had often seen, but which I had never fancied because she was black and wild and not pretty at all. But Helen, who bestows her affections upon every animal she sees, had patronized and fed this unpromising specimen, and tried with unavailing cares to reclaim her from her vagrant ways, so that they were somewhat acquainted, and there was a friendly feeling between them. So out she came, and then her kittens three, and then we called John to see the catamounts eat breakfast, and he looked wonderingly on and said, "Ah, Miss Helen, but you 're a wise one!"

July 15.

I send you a drawing of a remarkable member of the floral family. The botanical name is *Sarracenia purpurea*; the common names are Pitcher-plant, Side-saddle-flower, and Hunter's Cup. It is called an

aquatic plant, but is not *strictly* that, as it does not always grow in water, though preferring wet and boggy places. There are hundreds growing in an extensive swamp which we often pass in riding, but we cannot get them there, though we sometimes have an attendant who is enterprising enough to brave the mud and water which must be forded before they can be reached. It is true that we find them in more accessible spots, but none equal in beauty and perfection of growth to those which come from this dismal swamp. It is a surprising plant, — the evergreen leaves being hollow little pitchers in fact, with an extension at the top forming a kind of lid. The flower is also very peculiar. It is large, and of greenish-yellow and purplish colors, with the petals curving over toward the style, and the short style expanded into a little five-pointed umbrella sheltering the stamens beneath it, each point turned under in a little hook. These little pitchers hold about as much as a wine-glass, and are always found with water in them, though it may not have rained for weeks. This gives the name of Hunter's Cup; but from the fact that insects are always found drowned in this water, I should think a hunter must be pretty thirsty before he appropriated it. It is said that monkeys in monkey countries know how to get a drink from these natural drinking-cups, and even to lift the lid which carefully covers some of them.

There are but few plants of this family in North America. One is found in the Southern States with long, drooping, yellow petals, and one in California. These are all curious and interesting, but some that are brought from tropical climates far exceed in wonderfulness those of our own country. They are called *Nepenthes*, or Pitcher-plants, and differ in many respects from those already mentioned. The *Nepenthes-distillatoria* was brought first from China, and it was supposed to grow only there. Later, however, the same species have been found in Madagascar, and many other varieties have been found in Ceylon, Bengal, and Borneo. One has been found in New Holland resembling somewhat our *Sarracenia*, but much more beautiful, — the pitchers being of most graceful shape and ornamented with red and purple stripes. The accounts of these plants are so delightful to me that I must tell you some things which I have learned about them. The *Nepenthes* of tropical climates are all evergreen climbers, of elegant habit of growth and very ornamental. Some of these run upon trees to the height of twenty or thirty feet. The remarkable appendage to the leaves of the *Nepenthes* is described as being so graceful and symmetrical as

to remind one of the classic models of antique vases. The leaf as it first opens gives no promise of a pitcher, except in a curling tendril at the point. This tendril lengthens, and a small enlargement at the end gradually increases and turns upward, and at length assumes the size and form of a most captivating little pitcher, swinging lightly on the slender tendril and covered with an exactly fitting lid, and as the lid gradually opens you see the mysterious vase filled with clear, pure water. How came it there? This pitcher hangs suspended on the stalk six inches and sometimes a foot from the point of the leaf to which it is attached. On one plant you will sometimes see forty or fifty pitchers. The flowers of these plants are numerous, but small and unattractive; the plants themselves are, however, so full of interest that one may be willing to dispense with that quality in the blossoms. In the *Nepenthes-distillatoria* the pitchers are five or six inches long; the lid circular, and about an inch in diameter; the color a rich yellow, shaded at the top with red. The evergreen leaves are delicately shaped, and the tendrils connecting the pitcher with the leaf have a graceful way of curling into two or three rings like the tendrils of a grape-vine.

One fine species, which is called the *Nepenthes-Rafflesiana*, produces the largest and most elegant pitchers of any cultivated in Europe. The acute, linear leaves are eighteen inches in length, and the tendrils about the same length. The pitcher is six inches deep and two or three in diameter. The edge into which the lid shuts is ornamented with a broad rim of brown and purple, and the whole of the outside of pitcher and lid is mottled and spotted with deep-red and purple. The leaves are beautifully green and shining, and the whole thing wonderful and attractive. The *Sarracenia*s of North America are sufficiently curious and interesting; the tropical specimens alluded to are still more remarkable, while some that have been recently discovered in the mountains of Borneo surpass in size and novelty any thing previously seen or imagined, — pitchers twelve inches deep and four or five in diameter, the top surrounded by a ring an inch and a half broad gracefully turned over upon the gayly colored vase, the unique shape and beautiful shading of which are astonishing.

If I were a man and could do as I chose, I know what path I should follow. I should sail for those wondrous climes where Nature spends herself in getting up rare and gorgeous forms of plants and trees. I should not rest until I had climbed those tropical mountains where a success-

sion of all temperatures brings to life the plants suited to all climes, and I do not believe I should feel satisfied until I had found something new.

I am reminded here of a beautiful curiosity which has been recently introduced into this country, — the Lace-leaf plant. It is a native of Madagascar and has been cultivated in Europe but a few years. The plant is entirely aquatic, taking root in the mud at the bottom of the stream, the leaves being always under water, but the flower-stalk reaching the surface and the blossom expanding above water. This species is called the *Ouvirandra-fenestralis*; and its peculiarity consists in the wonderful structure of the leaves, which are of vivid and beautiful green, and wholly composed of the most slender fibres in a delicate reticulation, resembling emerald net-work, or lace, or open needle-work. Fragile as these leaves appear, like a gossamer web, they yet possess a flexile strength which allows the plant to be lifted by the hand above water without injury. This rarity has already given a hint to the artificial flower-makers, and the net-work artificial leaves are imitations of this remarkable production. Another species with pink flowers is also under cultivation, and it is thought that these plants will grow in glass jars partly filled with water.

July 20.

Although more flowers are found in June than in any other month, July has a fair amount to offer, and some are very showy, even magnificent. Just now the hedges and ditches are adorned with the luxuriant Wild Clematis, the white blossoms contrasting prettily with the green leaves. The Epilobium, or Willow Herb, with its mingling of light and dark lilac shades; the Spiraeas, with racemes of purple and white flowers; and the many varieties of Silkweed, or Milkweed, are very ornamental. We have found two species of Silkweed which are beauties, — the *Tuberosa*, with brilliant orange flowers, and the delicate *Quadrifolia*, with pale-pink flowers in graceful umbels. The Bladder Campion we also find this month, — a singular plant, the fragile white petals cleft more than half-way down, so as to look still more fragile, and the inflated calyx of pale-green elegantly veined with purple. The Wild Ginger is interesting and rather rare, — two round, shining green leaves of velvety softness on slender stems, and between them the solitary blossom, growing so close to the ground as sometimes to be partly hidden beneath the soil. Yet it is worthy of being carefully extracted and examined, for it is very unlike any other flower;

the color is a somewhat lurid purplish maroon, and the thick bell-shaped corolla is deeply divided into three acute segments.

One of the charming *Arethusa* family, which grows in profusion in the damp meadows, is a graceful beauty, the *Calopogon-pulchellus* in Botany, the Grass-pink in familiar phrase. Early in the spring its pretty little cousin, the Single *Arethusa*, came with the vernal hours; but this more brilliant variety has six or eight large, rose-purple, sweet-scented blossoms on the stem, and a long, graceful green leaf sheathing the base. The expanded lip of the flower is crested with a fringe of purple, orange, and white. The lovely little blue Forget-me-not is abundant, and the gay Orange Lily, and the elegant pale Yellow Lily are noticeable in all the fields. The pretty Wild Roses are now in perfection, and the Sweet-brier, or Eglantine, as the poets call it, is worthy of its graceful name; and the exquisite fragrance of its flowers, leaves, and stems floats on the languid July breeze. The Evening Primrose is fragrant also and this is a nocturnal flower, saluting as it seems the setting sun; for then the buds, which have been shut all day, suddenly expand as the calyx leaves spring back to the stem. Some botanical writers say that "these spring back with a loud popping noise," but this we have not heard. It is but just, however, to say that these flowers grow far off in the distant fields, so that we should not be likely to hear these sunset guns if they really are fired. The Flowering Raspberry is very handsome, both in leaf and flower, the dark crimson blossoms looking much like a Wild Rose and the buds more beautiful, if possible, than rose-buds. The Scarlet Pimpernel is a dear little flower, and interesting because so intelligent in regard to the weather, — never opening its eyes if it is going to rain, or even be very damp, but if it is to be fine, expanding wide its tiny scarlet corolla at eight in the morning and closing at two in the afternoon. A pretty species of Mullein we also find at present, not the common yellow, growing by desolate road-sides where every thing looks forlorn and the mullein stalks the forlornest of all, but the Moth Mullein, as it is called, with soft, creamy white flowers shaded with purple, and the slender filaments all curiously bearded with the softest violet wool. Then the Mountain Laurel with evergreen glossy leaves, and the profuse and showy clusters of light and dark rose-color fading into white. We have not found the Rhododendron or Rose-bay, though we hear that it grows at some distance from here, but we have had a branch given us, and I wish

you could see the superb flowers. The green leaves are six or eight inches long, and from the midst of these dark evergreen leaves come out the fifteen or twenty gorgeous blossoms, an inch or two in diameter, of the softest pink or pale rose-color, sometimes almost white, with purple dots inside, and a touch of tender green that is perfectly enchanting.

July 31.

We could not bear to say farewell to June, nor do we falter in our allegiance to this queen of verdure and of flowers. But July is no unfitting successor. Kept within doors often by the fervid heat, we have found that the languid noons with the continuous summer hum have their own dreamy deliciousness. July is gorgeous. The sun is tropical in its heat, but the trees throw dense shadows, great black spots, on the hot grass, and the scent of new-mown hay fills the sultry air with fragrance.

The grand thunder-storms roll up hurriedly, and the mowers and reapers in the meadows below have had to "run for it" more than once. The portentous silence, the unnatural darkness, fill the spirit with awe; we can hardly breathe; we almost long for the thunder peal to break the appalling stillness. And it comes, — crashing through the inky clouds with lightning and hail and the down-pouring of sheeted rain. A few moments of plunging drops flooding the garden paths and tumbling headlong from the choked water-spouts, and the darkness passes away; and even while the torrents are falling the sun looks through the great drops, and that delicious *ground-smell* that comes after summer thunder-gusts, floats in on the rising breeze. And now, how beautified is every thing; not a speck of dust left on the rejoicing verdure, and the atmosphere, but now so sultry and oppressive, is fresh and elastic and a "luxury to breathe."

FLOWERS FOUND IN JULY.

CLASS.	ORDER.	GENUS. — SPECIES.	COMMON NAME.	CLASS.	ORDER.	GENUS. — SPECIES.	COMMON NAME.
1.	1. Ranunculaceæ,	Clematis — Virginiana,	Virgin's Bower.	1.	85. Asclepiadaceæ,	Asclepias — tuberosa,	Orange Silk-weed.
"	4. Menispermaceæ,	Menispermum — Canadense,	Moon-seed.	"	"	Asclepias — cornuti,	Common Milk-weed.
"	15. Violaceæ,	Viola — rostrata,	Long-spurred Violet.	"	"	Asclepias — purpurascens,	Purple Milk-weed.
"	19. Hypericaceæ,	Hypericum — perforatum,	St. John's Wort.	"	"	Asclepias — quadrifolia,	Four-leaved Milkweed.
"	21. Caryophyllaceæ,	Saponaria — officinalis,	Soapwort.	"	"	Asclepias — rubra,	Red-flower Milkweed
"	"	Agrostemma — Githago,	Corn-cockle.	"	"	Asclepias — verticillata,	Whorled Milkweed
"	"	Stellaria — media,	Chickweed.	"	55. Caprifoliaceæ,	Symphoricarpos — vulgaris,	Coral Berry.
"	33. Vitaceæ,	Ampelopsis — quinquefolia,	Woodbine.	"	"	Lonicera — hirsuta,	Wild Honey-suckle.
"	34. Rhamnaceæ,	Ceanothus — Americanus,	New Jersey Tea.	"	21. Caryophyllaceæ,	Silene — inflata,	Bladder Campion.
"	39. Rosaceæ,	Rubus — odoratus,	Flowering Raspberry.	"	119. Orchidaceæ,	Pogonia — ophioglossoides,	Purple Arethusa.
"	"	Spirea — salicifolia,	Meadow-sweet.	"	"	Calopogon — pulchellus,	Arethusa.
"	"	Spirea — tomentosa,	Hardhack.	"	123. Liliaceæ,	Lilium — Philadelphicum,	Orange Lily
"	43. Onagraceæ,	Epilobium — angustifolium,	Willow Herb.	"	127. Melanthaceæ,	Veratrum — viride,	White Hellebore.
"	59. Compositæ,	Lucanthemum — vulgare,	Ox-eye Daisy.	"	133. Filices,	Allosorus — gracilis,	Rock Brake.
"	62. Ericaceæ,	Amica — villosa,	Wild Honey-suckle.	"	"	Adiantum — pedatum,	Maiden-hair.
"	"	Kalmia — latifolia,	High Laurel.	"	"	Onoclea — sensibilis,	Sensitive Fern.
"	"	Kalmia — angustifolia,	Low Laurel.	1	39. Rosaceæ,	Rosa — lucida,	Dwarf Wild Rose.
"	"	Gaultheria — procumbens,	Boxberry.	"	"	Rosa — rubiginosa,	Sweetbrier Rose.
"	72. Bignoniaceæ,	Catalpa — bignonioides,	Catalpa.	"	"	Rosa — micrantha,	Small Sweetbrier.
"	74. Scrophulariaceæ,	Verbascum — thapsus,	Mullein.	"	"	Dalibarda — repens,	Dalibarda, Dry Strawberry.
"	"	Verbascum — blattaria,	Moth Mullein.				
"	"	Veronica — officinalis,	Speedwell.				
"	78. Boraginaceæ,	Symphytum — officinale,	Comfrey.				
"	"	Myosotis — palustris,	Forget-me-not.				
"	82. Solanaceæ,	Solanum — dulcamara,	Bittersweet.				

MARY LORIMER.

STORIES FROM SHAKESPEARE.

III.

[Continued from the June Number.]

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE; OR, THE THREE CASKETS.

SHYLOCK had an only daughter, young Jessica, on whom all the affection of his suppressed nature was lavished. She was handsome and coquettish, and in her the Jew saw the image of his dead wife, her mother, whom he had in his youth ardently loved. Jessica was frivolous and somewhat unfeeling. Her dark eyes had long noted a handsome young cavalier, who played love-ditties under her lattice on summer eves, when her father was abroad, and to this gallant, Lorenzo by name, she had given the whole of her shallow little heart. He wooed her to elope with him, and one night when Shylock had gone to sup with some of the Christians, Jessica left her home, in the disguise of a page, to follow her lover.

Shylock had trusted her with the keys which locked his treasures, and the careless dark-eyed beauty, not content with the stab her marriage with an enemy would give her poor old father's heart, broke her filial trust, rifled him of his rarest treasures, some of her dead mother's jewels, all the gold she could find, and loaded her lover with the booty. They set out hastily from Venice to escape her father's wrath, and were next heard from at Genoa. This event had terribly embittered the Jew, and made him more than ever long to wreak his vengeance on the Christian race. Therefore, the instant the three months expired, he caused Antonio to be arrested, and demanded from the court a pound of his flesh as the bond had specified.

The Venetians, who were more proud of the unchangeableness than of the justice of their laws, were much moved by this claim of Shylock. By an ancient decree, no Venetian law could ever be repealed, and as Shylock's demand seemed legal to the court, they knew not how to deny it. The Duke of Venice, however, put off the judgment until word could be sent to Belmont of Antonio's danger.

Salario, a friend and boon-companion, set out hastily from Venice with letters to Bassanio from the Duke and Antonio. On his way he met the runaway pair, Lorenzo and Jessica, who, at his request, accompanied him to Belmont. The party arrived there in the midst of the rejoicing which followed Bassanio's choice, and much chilled the

ardor of his happiness by the sad tidings they brought him of his friend.

As soon as Portia heard the story of Antonio's devotion to her lover, and of the danger he was in from the Jew's vengeance, she begged Bassanio only to tarry long enough for a hasty marriage ceremony, and then to set off for Venice without delay. They went to church, and there Portia and Bassanio were married, and after them, Gratiano and Nerissa (who had agreed to make a match if Bassanio's choice proved favorable) were also made man and wife. Immediately Portia loaded her husband with ducats to pay Antonio's debt several times over, and the newly married gentlemen set sail for Venice.

As soon as they were fairly off, Portia called Lorenzo and Jessica, who had remained as her guests during Bassanio's absence, and giving them the keys of her household, and the control of her palace, she asked them to act as master and mistress there, while she and Nerissa went to a convent near by to offer prayers for the safe and speedy return of their husbands. The pretty Jessica accepted the trust, and Portia and her maid left the palace of Belmont.

But instead of setting out for the convent, she went directly to the chief port of her island, and there awaited the return of a messenger whom she had sent post-haste to Padua. She had in Padua a kinsman, Bellario by name, who was a very learned Doctor of Laws, and from him Portia had in her youth received instruction in the Venetian law. Assisted by the knowledge thus gained from Bellario, Portia's ready wit had, on the instant she heard Antonio's case, given her a hope of his safety. She had therefore sent to Bellario her opinion, asking him to confirm it, if it were correct, and asking him also to send her two disguises for herself and Nerissa. Her messenger travelled quickly to Padua, and returned to the port where she awaited him, with most hopeful letters from Bellario, and the garments for which she had sent, and the enterprising ladies with all imaginable speed set out in Bassanio's wake for Venice. As soon as her ship arrived there, Portia dressed herself as a Doctor of Laws, and with Nerissa attired as her clerk, went straight to the Duke's council hall, where the court was at that moment convened.

Bellario had furnished her with letters to the Duke, in which he spoke of her as a talented young doctor, wise beyond his years, and these letters she sent in to the Duke by the faithful Nerissa, who looked to perfection the part of a youthful student of the law. The Duke received the letters with great joy, and the disguised lady was ushered immediately into his presence. A principal seat was given her near the Duke, who sat upon his throne in great state in the midst of the assembly. On one hand stood Antonio, calm and unmoved at the near approach of death, and endeavoring to comfort, by his gentle persuasions, his afflicted friend Bassanio, who was much more deeply plunged in grief than the noble victim of the Jew's hate. On the other side was Shylock, his cloak of civility and blandness thrown boldly aside, his eager eyes thirsting for the sight of his victim's blood, and in his hand the sharp glittering knife with which to exact the penalty.

Portia looked at him for one moment as she rose to examine the case, and then in a voice of tenderest compassion she urged on him the Christian law of mercy. But the Jew was deaf to her appeal. His religion had taught him that to exact eye for eye and tooth for tooth was the proper rule of dealing with his fellow-man, and he would have no better teaching than that of his own synagogues. When Portia found his heart thus obdurate, she made no further appeal, but asked if he had been offered more than the sum which Antonio had owed him. Upon this Bassanio offered the Jew again several times the amount of the debt, which Shylock scornfully refused, saying that for countless ducats he would not exchange his right to the pound of his enemy's flesh.

When he had answered thus, Portia plainly told the court that since the laws of Venice were immutable, and Antonio had given the bond freely, the forfeit of a pound of flesh was lawfully to be exacted and must be awarded by the court.

At this a shudder ran through the listening court, which had sat breathless while Portia spoke. Antonio pressed to his heart his weeping friend Bassanio, who was utterly overwhelmed at the terrible calamity of which he had been the cause. The light-hearted Gratiano could no longer keep silent, but vented curses and reproaches upon the triumphant Shylock. The Jew seemed to dilate with the near approach of his vengeance, and advanced eagerly to Antonio with his bared steel uplifted. Just as his hand clutched the merchant's breast, Portia bade him stay his hand a moment. Shylock turned, impatient at this new interruption,

but quailed before the majesty of the gesture with which she waved him from the merchant's side.

She bade him cut the flesh, since by law it belonged to him, but to mark that in cutting it he shed no drop of Christian blood. That the words of the bond were simply a pound of flesh, and if one drop of blood were wrongly shed, the Jew's lands and goods were confiscated. Shylock stood quivering with disappointment and baffled rage, and Portia went on to say that if in cutting from Antonio's breast he took more or less than one just pound, if the scale should turn but a hair's weight more than the just due of flesh, Shylock's own life was forfeit. No words can describe the joy of Antonio's friends, or paint the rage of the baffled Shylock. He cried out that he would take then his three thousand ducats, and Bassanio was about to restore them when Portia interposed. She declared since they had been already refused, the Jew should not have the money, — he should have nothing but the bond. She then read the court an ancient law of Venice, which decreed that an alien, who directly or indirectly sought the life of a citizen, should as a punishment lose all his goods and estate, half of which should be given to the person against whom he had conspired, and the rest go to the coffers of the state. This would have been enforced on Shylock, had not Antonio begged the Duke's mercy for the Jew, on condition that Shylock would sign a paper, giving to Lorenzo and Jessica all the wealth of which he might die possessed, and also that he would promise to receive baptism, and become a Christian. Both these things Shylock was forced to promise, but it was easy to see as he tottered from the council-hall that the broken-spirited old man would never outlive his baptism.

The court broke up with great rejoicing over Antonio, and in the midst of it Bassanio advanced to thank the young Doctor of Laws for the great service he had rendered him in this judgment of the case. He pressed upon him money for his legal aid, but the doctor graciously refused all reward. Bassanio then urged him to accept some remembrance in token of his great gratitude, on which the doctor fixed upon a certain ring Bassanio wore upon his hand. Now this ring was one which Portia had herself placed on Bassanio's finger, on the day he had chosen the leaden casket, adjuring him never to part with it, and telling him if he lost or gave it away she should accept it as a presage of misfortune to their love. Bassanio, in much confusion, denied him this ring, and was grieved to see the doctor depart, much offended at being refused such a trifle. When

he and the young clerk were fairly out of sight, therefore, Bassanio felt unable to appear so ungrateful in the eyes of the doctor, and sent Gratiano after them with the ring, preferring rather to test his wife's faith in him, than to offend the savior of Antonio's life. Gratiano overtook the pretended doctor and delivered up the ring, whereupon the lawyer's clerk contrived to tease from him a ring which Nerissa, who copied well all her mistress's doings, had placed upon her husband's hand with similar injunctions.

This done they set sail for Belmont; Bassanio and Gratiano in one ship, and Portia and Nerissa in another. The latter pair managed, however, to reach Belmont first, and arrived shortly after nightfall, some hours before their husbands. They found Lorenzo and Jessica awaiting them in the moonlit gardens at Belmont, where they sat listening to the music from the palace which floated in softened strains in and out among the trees and fountains in the court-yard.

A few hours later the travel-worn husbands arrived, accompanied by Antonio, and were tenderly welcomed by their ladies and fully questioned as to the results of the trial. In the midst of the conversation the mischievous Nerissa discerned the loss of the ring from Gratiano's finger, and commenced to accuse him of some inconstancy in parting with it. Portia overheard them disputing on the matter, and when Gratiano commenced to make confession, she blamed him much for parting

with his wife's keepsake, and declared that Bassanio would not so lightly have parted with her love-token. At this Bassanio was unable to conceal his embarrassment, and commenced to explain, as eloquently as he could, how both Gratiano and himself had been induced to part so with these rings which had been so stuck with oaths upon their fingers. Portia was deaf to his excuses but joined with Nerissa, and both the roguish ladies rated their husbands unmercifully, pretending to believe that they had parted with their rings to some women as love-tokens.

Amid the protestations of the husbands, and the pretended anger of the wives, Portia and Nerissa suddenly produced the rings, and while Bassanio and Gratiano were struck dumb with wonder at seeing the jewels which they supposed graced the fingers of the doctor and his clerk in Padua, Portia related to the puzzled gentlemen and the astonished Antonio how his cause had been gained by a woman's wit.

So the troubles of Antonio ended merrily. His ships, which were supposed lost, came safe to port with a rich burden, and all was happiness at Belmont. Bassanio and Portia lived to the end of their days in such complete peace and happiness, as proved the wisdom of the old Merchant of Venice in trusting to the inspiration of true love to find out its idol, even though hidden closely in a *leaden casket*.

A LITTLE BIRD, AND WHAT BECAME OF IT.

"I THINK, my dear, we shall have a change in the weather," said Mr. Bird to his wife. "It looks like a cold rain."

"Dear me! I hope not," said Mrs. Bird. "It will be very bad for the children."

"We must keep them carefully covered all night," said Mr. Bird.

"Be sure, nurse, to call me right early to-morrow morning," said little Charley Muffin, when he went to bed that night. "This morning papa and mamma took their walk and got home to breakfast before I was up."

"Yes, I know," replied nurse. "But it's my belief it's going to rain to-night, and then there'll be no walking in the morning."

Mr. Muffin, Charley's father, had worn himself out with hard study, and was trying the water-cure. Mrs. Muffin, though not in the least worn

out, was trying it too, to keep him company. And all the little Muffins went wherever the big Muffins went.

Nurse was right about the weather, and so was Mr. Bird. It rained all night, and the wind blew so hard that all the windows rattled, and all the little birds rocked on their several boughs as in so many cradles. But in the morning the sun came out, looking rather wet and ashamed, and began to dry all the small pools of water, and to coax the drops off the dripping leaves, as well as he knew how. Soon after, out came Mr. and Mrs. Muffin, clinging to each other, and walking as fast as they could, to get warm. Mr. Muffin's idea of comfort was a good overcoat on the outside, and plenty of hot tea, hot coffee, hot buttered toast, and the like, on the inside. On this occasion he had been petrified in a cold bath, choked in a

wet sheet, lined with three glasses of cold water, and was sent forth to get warm if he dared!

"My dear!" said Mrs. Muffin in a stifled voice, "could you walk the least bit more slowly, do you think?"

"I thought we were creeping like snails," returned Mr. Muffin, with chattering teeth. "Was there ever such weather in the month of July?"

"It is a little cool," said Mrs. Muffin. "But what with my bath and my walk, I am all in a glow. Dear me! what's that? Look here, my dear: is not this a poor little bird that has fallen from its nest? or is it only a small heap of mud?"

"It is a bird," replied Mr. Muffin. "No wonder after such a storm. Come, let us go on."

"Why, no, it won't do to leave the poor little thing here. See, there are its father and mother on the fence, in great distress. Ah! here comes Charley! I'll turn him over to Charley!"

"What is it, mamma?" cried Charley, hurrying up. "A bird? Where did you get it? What sort of a bird is it? Is it hungry? Is that its mother, crying so on the fence?"

But Mrs. Muffin was already out of sight, carried away on her husband's arm, and was seen no more till five minutes of seven, when she reached the house the picture of hilarity and good spirits. By this time all the children of the household had assembled on the piazza, and were engaged with the forlorn little bird, who, after trying the water-cure all night, needed nothing so much as to get under its mother's wings, and eat a hearty breakfast of her selection.

"Poor little thing! oh may I take it a minute, Mrs. Muffin?"

"Let me take it next — won't you?"

"And then may n't I take it?"

It was pleasant to see the eager group pressing around Mrs. Muffin, and to hear the loving, pitiful tones with which the little bird was greeted as it passed from hand to hand, till every one of the sixteen children had felt of it, talked to it, and consoled with it.

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Bird, having followed as far as they dared, looked on with anxious eyes, until the sound of the breakfast bell summoned every body within doors. The young bird was left on the piazza, looking the picture of despondency.

"My dear," said Mr. Bird, "do you think you took proper care of the children last night?"

He turned his head, and looked at her with one little black eye that looked like a bead, only you could n't see the hole in it.

"I did my very best," she replied, wiping away a few tears with the tip of her wing. "But the trees rocked dreadfully last night, and it was as much as I could do to keep in our other little darling. Poor thing! it must be wondering why I do not bring its breakfast!"

So saying she flew off to attend to that domestic care, and Mr. Bird, not knowing what else to do, speedily followed.

The moment breakfast was over, Mr. Muffin went up-stairs and wrapped himself in his big shawl.

"How can things grow in such weather?" he cried. "I would n't if I were they."

But he talked to the air, for Mrs. Muffin, the four little Muffins, the five Browns, the three



Wilsons, and the young Hickses, had gone in a body in pursuit of the bird, which had mysteriously disappeared. After a diligent search about the grounds, he was at last discovered in the mouth of a toad, whence he was rescued by Charley Muffin in a trice.

"Only to think! A hop-toad was eating him up! yes, an ugly, old hop-toad!"

"Just as if all toads did n't hop," said Mrs. Muffin, laughing. "Come, it's high time something was done to comfort this little trembling thing. Has any body any cotton-wool?"

Yes, John Hicks, being subject to earache, had a good piece which he would gladly sacrifice to the forlorn little object; and in a few minutes,

followed by every one of the children, he had scampered up to his room, overturned every thing, and pounced upon the cotton. The bird was now borne to the third storey, to Mrs. Muffin's own room; cuddled down into a box of cotton, which it was expected to consider a nest; placed in what sunshine stole into the room, and expected to believe that its mother's warm breast; and finally encompassed with an array of food that might tempt the most dainty appetite. For each child had brought away from the table whatever it fancied the bird might enjoy: some furnished crumbs of bread, others ripe raspberries; here was a lump of white sugar, and there a spoonful of brown. The object of all this interest, however, regarded the whole with profound indifference. With an air of complete desolation it remained motionless in its extempore nest, refusing to be comforted, its little heart beating hard against its side, and its eyes half-shut to the new world in which it found itself. In vain Charley held to its nose, or the place where its nose ought to be, the tempting raspberry, the lump of sugar, the crumbs of bread; it remained unmoved, like a hermit in his cell, who has forever turned his back on sublunary pleasures.

"I'll tell you what!" Charley exclaimed at last. "It wants *worms*. Birds like worms, and eat them just as we eat roast beef."

So away went Charley, and soon returned with two wretched little worms which dangled in a heart-broken way from a stick.

"Open your mouth, birdie, and you shall have a nice worm," he cried.

Birdie vouchsafed not a word or look, but remained apparently unconscious of things below.

"Look here, Will!" cried Charley to his brother; "you hold his mouth open, and I'll put in the worm."

Will obeyed, and with no small labor succeeded in bringing into view a large, yellow throat.

"Now Charley, quick!"

Charley doubled up and crowded in the worm.

Birdie took no notice of the operation, and remained passive as before.

"Do let the poor thing alone," said Mrs. Muffin. "After it gets warm it may feel more cheerful and make itself more at home. Think how you would feel if you had been out in the rain all night."

"Yes, let it alone," quoth Mr. Muffin from behind his paper. "I know how to feel for it."

Left to itself, and to the increasing warmth of the sun, the little creature at last began to find its spirits reviving, and after a time startled every

body by uttering a loud, shrill sound intended to signify,—

"I begin to feel warm, and now I wish my mother would come with my breakfast."

"Who would believe such a small body could hold such a power of sound!" said Mr. Muffin.

"Really, it makes me quite nervous."

The children, however, found the sound highly pleasing. They left their play and rushed to the window to testify their approbation, and one more attempt was made to crowd the worm that hung from its bill down into its throat.

"Is there any danger of its falling from the window?" asked Charley.

"Oh no," replied his mother; "it is a very young bird, and has not strength to hop from that box." The bird kept up its incessant shrill chirp, and when, after a little time, it suddenly hopped from its box and disappeared, the sound could be heard almost as plainly as ever. It had actually fallen to the ground from this third-storey window, and when the children rushed down-stairs, and found it lying on the grass, it appeared exactly as if nothing had happened.

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Bird, hovering round the premises, held much discourse together concerning the fate of their infant child.

"If I only knew it had fallen into good hands, I would not care so much," quoth Mr. Bird. "Times are hard, and the support of a family is a serious business."

"That thought does not console me in the least," returned Mrs. Bird. "But I have always heard, at least I have heard my mother often say, that the best cure for the heart-ache was to minister to the wants of others. Now on this piazza there is a beautiful creature confined in a cage; he cannot get out to seek for food, and I propose that we should carry to him all the worms we should gladly collect for our lost darling."

"My dear!" cried Mr. Bird, "I admire you extremely. We will do as you suggest."

Forthwith the twain flew off, and soon returning, they thrust between the bars of the cage an indefinite number of worms.

Mr. Canary viewed these proceedings with amazement.

"My friends," he said, "I feel your kindness deeply, but I assure you I never eat animal food. My appetite is very delicate. A seed or two, a peck at a bit of sugar, a drop of water, these suffice for my nourishment and leave my soul unencumbered and free to express itself in song."

So saying he broke forth into a song, so brill-

iant, so exquisite, that the little pair remained transfixed.

"No doubt our darling will become as beautiful and sing as sweetly as this exquisite creature!" cried Mrs. Bird. "Those who live in this house will take care of it, I am sure, for see how they have provided for this songster, whom I thought so neglected."

"You are quite right, my love," replied Mr. Bird. "Let us return to our nest, rejoicing at the good fortune which has befallen our child."

"Our child" was at that moment finding himself restored to his cotton-nest, where renewed attempts were made to induce him to eat.

All was in vain. His chirp began to grow feeble and more unfrequent; his eye lost its brightness; it was very plain that he would not live many hours.

"What would you have, my children," said Mrs. Muffin. "Think of all the poor thing has gone through within a few hours! It has fallen from a tree, nobody knows how high, and lain in the cold rain all night; sixteen children have handled and terrified it; it has been swallowed by a toad; it has fallen from a three-storey window; it has eaten nothing for nearly twenty-four hours. Above all, it misses its mother's warm breast and protecting wings. Now let it die in peace, and forget the sorrowful experiences of this day."

"I know how to feel for it," repeated Mr. Muffin, who came shuddering from a fresh bath, and was preparing for a second walk. "Let it die in peace. As for me, I never expect to be warm again till I lie down in my grave."

"Now, my dear," remonstrated Mrs. Muffin, as she left the room with that shivering victim, "How can you talk so? Who ever heard of getting warm in one's grave? Come, cheer up! You'll soon get to liking it, and will be as merry as a cricket!"

"Yes, we'll let it die in peace," said Charley, after his parents had left the room. "But there's no harm in calling up the other children to see it die."

Accordingly the other children came softly, one by one, into the room. Each face wore a softened, pitying expression, as they surrounded the table on which the dying bird lay on his bed of cotton. It is a serious thing for even a little bird to die.

"Is there nothing we can do for it?" asked all the Browns.

"Would a sitz bath revive him?" inquired the fagacious Wilsons.

No, no, nothing was now of any avail. Just as the sun went down, the little black eyes closed, the little head drooped, and that long, sorrowful day ended in the sweetest sleep.

The children looked on sorrowfully a few moments in silence.

"We'll give him a splendid funeral!" cried Charley Muffin, swallowing down a few tears. "Run all of you for grass and flowers, and all sorts of pretty things, while I go down and dig his grave."

"Oh let me see you dig it!" cried all the Wilsons!

"And let us go too!" said the Hicks children.

"We're all going, any how," said the Browns.



So down they went, sixteen precious souls, bearing among them one little body that never had a soul.

The grave was dug beneath a tree; the bird was placed on delicate pink cotton; flowers were all around and all over him—and as he was laid away in the ground, never was a prettier sight than the bright young heads that bent down to see that, all was in order about the pet of a few brief hours.

Now it is a sad truth that many and many a darling baby has spent its last day on earth, and been laid away in its tiny grave (if it had any grave) with none to care for, none to mourn it, as this little brown bird was loved and cared for.

One need not go to heathen lands in search of wicked fathers and heartless mothers, or for little, neglected outcasts. What is the reason? The reason is this—mark it well, young readers: every one of the children who loved and tended this little bird, whose story is substantially true,—every one was born and brought up in a loving, Christian home, where its heart had had room to

open wide enough to take in every living thing God has made, especially every thing sorrowful and suffering. Every one of those boys and girls, when they grow up and have little children of their own, will pour out on them some of the love which overflowed on the dying bird.

So peace to thee little birdie, and peace to the hearts that loved and mourned thee! E. P.

THE LOSS OF THE HAVELOCK.

Off the rocky coast of Scotland,
The coast of Kirkcudbright,
The waves beat high. "There'll be wild wark,"
The old wives said, "this night."

"The gude God guide them a' to shore;
My bairnie's comin' hame;
Ye ken it was the *Havelock*,—
That was his good ship's name.

"A braw lad is my Jamie,
As laddie e'er can be,
Thro' mony a nicht I've weepit sair
His bonnie face to see.

"But noo his mither's heart is glad,
He's comin' hame to me:
I'll greet nae mair for thocht o' him,
I'll bless him ere I dee."

'T is night; the storm is wild and high,
The wind is howling loud:
List to that booming signal gun,—
See on the cliffs that crowd!

Above the thunder's roar—that gun!
Again and yet again!
"Na! Na! they're past a' human aid,
A' human help is vain."

The crashing timbers sound between
The pauses of the gale,
So close upon the cliffs that wreck,
One had nigh touched her sail.

"I ken her build, the *Havelock*,
A stout ship, stanch and true;
Nae mair she'll sail frae this auld port:"
Wild shrieks the air ring through.

"The *Havelock!* the *Havelock!*
Ye ken na what ye say!

O dinna tell me 't is his ship:
Wad ye his mither slay?"

"Hoot! hoot! pair granny, are ye there?
Wae's me I tell 'd ye then:
The gude God comfort ye Himsel,
For aid there's nae in men."

With agony she flings herself
The cold wet stones among;
What matters wildest midnight storm
To heart so sorely wrung?

In mournful silence watch they all,
When, starting suddenly,
That aged head with ear attent,
Is list'ning wondrously.

"My bairn! my Jamie! 't is his voice,
The hymn he sang lang syne,
When thro' the fields he passed to kirk,
His wee hand clasped in mine."

"Ye're daft, auld mither! Haud your peace!
Ye'll hear your bairn nae mair!"
But clearer, louder, stronger still
Voices were wafted there.

And by the lightning's flashing glare,
A glass brings to the eye,
Hand clasped in hand, upon that deck
The good ship's company.

Their latest act, a strain of praise
The ear of love had caught;
The gale, remorseful for its work,
The sound in pity brought.

A calm falls on that mother's brow,
She'll feel the storm no more:
It was her "Nunc dimittis" hymn
I'er Jamie sent to shore.

HISTORIC RECOLLECTIONS AT FREDERICK.

In the northern part of the State of Maryland ; nearly midway between the monumental city of Baltimore and the far-famed village of Harper's Ferry ; almost within hearing distance of the historic waters of the Potomac ; and engirdled by the lofty hills of the Blue Ridge Mountain, nestles the beautiful and quaint old town of Frederick, so named in honor of Frederick, the last of the Lords Baltimore.

At noon of Thanksgiving Day, 1866, Mr. Eden, who for his large sympathies and freshness of heart was better known and loved as Grandpa Eden, and Robert Kent, an ardent, enthusiastic boy of fourteen years, stood upon the summit of a high hill, and surveyed the scene around them. The old man looked with eyes of love and pride upon surroundings, among which not only his whole life had been spent, but where his father had lived and made his honored mark during the early struggles of our country for its independence ; and the boy's face was all aglow, with an eager and intelligent curiosity to know something of the time-honored localities among which he was a stranger.

The quiet old town, with its numerous spires jutting so far above the house-tops, lay just below them. Year by year, like the slow growth of a sturdy vine, it had crept higher and higher up the hill ; the red and white of new bricks and mortar, by the side of ivied walls and mossy roofs, showed where the new life had put forth, but the one joint of the vine which could be seen and touched in the almost hidden growth of more than a hundred years, was just at their right hand, and thither grandpa led the curious boy. Through an arched gateway they passed half-way across a ten-acre field, and paused before "the Barracks."

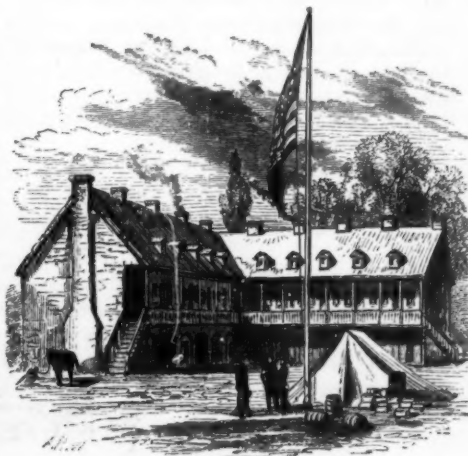
"This," said Grandpa Eden, "is the best piece of masonry our colonists ever built."

It was a long building, two storeys high, its shape, the half of a hollow square, and capped by ten small, low, red chimneys. Its material was limestone. The walls were two feet thick, and at the base an offset of three inches extended out, to insure its firmness. It contained forty rooms, some of those below being provided with double doors for the admission of cannon. Each small window-frame was carved out of a solid piece of oak, and the only mode of access to the rooms above was by rude staircases, placed outside at each end of the barrack, and leading on to a long, low balcony which ran its entire length. At one

end, a few yards from the door, the butt end of a cannon protruded from the ground to the height of two feet. An iron staple, with a ring attached, was welded through its top.

"This is a horse's hitching-post," said Grandpa Eden, halting an instant, as they were passing ; "and the most sensible use to which I ever saw a cannon put."

"But why any need of cannon here, sir, and of what use were they?" inquired Robert.



"Well, just when these barracks were built, or for what particular purpose originally, there is no record. Some date their erection as far back as 1702. That they were intended for a stronghold, their appearance leaves no room for doubt. During the French and Indian War, — the last war between England and France for supremacy in this New World, — when the Indians used to commit their awful massacres all around the borders of our country, these barracks were heavily garrisoned by the men who were ever ready to march out in defense of their homes. At one time in 1755, they were Gen. Braddock's headquarters, when he awaited Colonel George Washington to join him on their way to Fort Du Quesne, where Braddock was defeated and killed. It might have been in one of these very rooms that the youthful aide-de-camp sought to inform his haughty General of the Indians' peculiar mode of warfare, in order that their cunning might be opposed by bolder strategy. But you have read how scornfully Braddock refused the advice of

Washington, because he considered him too young and inexperienced to act as adviser, and the consequence was Braddock's death, and the Indians' victory. Old Benjamin Franklin, of whom the Pennsylvanians are so justly proud, also met the General here, to lay plans for forwarding despatches to and fro, — Franklin being then Postmaster-General for the Colonies, — and increase their means of transportation, for the scarcity of wagons was very great. Oh what wise talks have been held and listened to between these stone walls; and if they had but tongues, what books-full of stories they could tell inquisitive boys of scenes which daily occurred here during the Revolutionary struggle. Sometimes these rooms were used as arsenals, then as rendezvous for Washington and his Generals, then as strongholds for British and German prisoners, and at the close of the long struggle, as homes for Hessians who had deserted

the English army, and here sought and found refuge. It is as good as a book, Robert, is it not, to have such a substantial reminder always before our eyes?"

"Better, sir, I think," Robert replied, who, with his native love of adventure aroused, was realizing for the first time that history was no myth, and there had been "times which tried men's souls" long before the year 1853, in which his brown eyes first saw the light.

"Now, Robert, a few steps across the road, into that beautiful cemetery, and I will show you a spot which awakens in me the liveliest memories."

They silently walked along through the avenues of cypress and bay which sheltered the pebbled walks, and halted beside a grave, through whose drapery of living green the blue myrtle peeped here and there as if in laughing defiance of winter's approach.



"When I was a boy about eleven years old," Grandpa began, "the War of 1812 was at its height. I had helped to buckle on my father's sword, when at the head of a volunteer company he marched to the defense of Baltimore, and nothing but the responsibility he made me feel, that I must stay behind to take care of mother, kept me from following him. One day a letter came from him describing this scene: He, with a thousand other men, were garrisoning Fort McHenry, about two miles from the centre of Baltimore city. The British fleet were anchored a couple of miles from the Fort, and beyond the reach of its guns. Having failed to take the city by land, they hoped an attack by water would be more successful. So as soon as night came, they began their work of bombardment. There was just one continuous shower of shells, which our garrison received in silence. During the night,

several vessels, with fourteen hundred British, supplied with scaling-ladders, entering the Patapsco, passed silently by the Fort, never dreaming of resistance from it. Already, in imagination, they were plundering the captured city, when suddenly, as they drew opposite the six-gun battery, its commander, Lieutenant Webster, opened upon them with terrible effect. The Fort and ten-gun battery also poured in their fire, and for two hours a furious cannonade was kept up. It was a fearful sight. The heavens were lit up with the fiery tracks of the bombs from the fleet, and the unceasing booming echoed across the water, and along the shores of the bay, like one uninterrupted peal of thunder. We beat them, Robert; one of the barges was sunk, and the rest retreated in the utmost confusion. During that terrible night, Francis S. Key, one of our own Maryland boys, was a prisoner in the enemy's fleet. He had



OUR ARMY AND NAVY.

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Mr. O

gone on board under a flag of truce to obtain the release of some of his captive friends, and then was himself detained. He was a warm-hearted, whole-souled patriot, of a fine poetic temperament, and felt deeply the danger to his country which their preparations foreboded. During all that long night he watched the conflict, uncertain of its issue. Robert, have you not often sung 'The Star-Spangled Banner?'

"Yes, sir," answered Robert, surprised at the abrupt question; "ever and ever so many times. Two hundred of us boys have sung it at once; in school and out, when we hoist our flag and when we have speeches,—at all times indeed. Why, Grandpa Eden, it is the grandest song that ever was made."

"That it is! and it was during the uncertain, awful struggle of that night that Francis Key composed it, and it is in this grave that the bones of that noble fellow lie. His song describes the whole scene of the fierce battle, and his intense anxiety for the safety of that flag, which through the evening's twilight he and his friends had seen floating from the ramparts of Fort McHenry. They were confined in the stern of the vessel, whose windows commanded a full view of the bay and Fort. They could see the flashing of the guns, and the red glare of the flying rockets, but the fate of their loved flag was wrapped in profound uncertainty. At length the struggle ceased, but who were the victors? As the gray dawn rendered objects visible, how eagerly they strained their eyes to see what crowned the tower of that Fort. Through the "mists of the deep" they could discern a flag, but what were its colors? A while longer they waited in breathless silence, when suddenly, by the first rays of the morning sun, they discovered that it bore upon its gorgeous folds the Stars and Stripes. Then in a grand burst of triumph were born the immortal lines,—

"T is the Star-Spangled Banner! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

Now cannot you comprehend the song?"

Robert did understand it thoroughly. Child as he was, his enthusiasm had been so aroused by Grandpa Eden's description, and the real links which his own eyes had seen joining the past with the present, that for a while he could not speak. A big lump which he could not swallow seemed choking him. He wished he had been born a half-century ago instead of now, or that at once he could do something great and heroic for the country whose welfare had so thrilled the soul of the poetic Key. Grandpa understood him, how-

ever. The snows of age had fallen upon his head only; his heart was as green with the memories of his own boyhood, as was the grave of Key with the living leaves which covered it; so plucking from off it a myrtle spray and giving it to Robert as a *souvenir*, they turned and left the spot.

Down a long clean street, whose handsome brick dwellings, banks, and churches, Robert thought would not have looked bad even in Philadelphia; up another one, across whose western end there ran a swift stream, Carroll Creek, which turned a mammoth water-wheel, and nourished a regiment of young willows which lined its shores, and they stood in front of a small park, in which was a brick court-house, imposing both in size and style. It was court-week. Farmers' horses and light wagons stood at every hitching-post, while through the court-yard and on its broad steps stood and sat men of all kinds and conditions. Grandpa halted right before the gate and said,—

"Robert, have you ever read how once upon a time, when all these United States were Colonies, England passed a Stamp Act, imposing a tax of eight or ten cents upon every sheet of paper on which a deed, bond, or note was written?"

"Yes, sir, and I read how angry the colonists became, and how nobly they resisted it, and how they burnt effigies of the stamp officers in Boston, and"—

"Hold on; well done: I see you have studied history to some advantage. Now old Fredericktown did something better than that, before she began to burn effigies. This month one hundred and one years ago, an old house stood where this handsome one now stands. It was court-week then as now, but as this town was then only twenty years old, I guess the buildings which surrounded it were scarcely so stylish looking as these. But the men of those early times were brave; they understood their rights and had sworn to defend them. You, boy, cannot understand how the colonists chafed and rebelled against being taxed without their own consent, nor yet what danger they incurred in resisting British authority; nevertheless, it was during court-week, and on this spot, that they decided in a fair, legal manner that the Stamp Act was unconstitutional, and they would never yield to the oppression. The decision was received everywhere with the greatest joy, and the example followed in the other Colonies. It was a great event, and the people thought then, as now, that they must celebrate it; so my father has told me how "the Sons of Liberty" marched in funeral procession through these streets, bearing a coffin, on which

was inscribed: 'The Stamp Act expired of a mortal stab received from the Genius of Liberty in Frederick County Court, 23d of November, 1765, aged 22 days.' They then burnt their stamp distributor, Zachariah Hood, in effigy, and ended the whole affair in a merry ball. Yes, yes, Robert," continued Grandpa Eden, as, leaving Court Street, they walked toward his own house, "this old town has been the theatre of some stirring scenes. I myself have seen the passage through

it of the two bravest armies in the world,—the Northern and Southern; but, somehow, nothing thrills me like the sight of the old places which recall the sufferings and struggles of our patriotic forefathers. You will live, boy, to enjoy all the rare blessings of freedom and equal rights, but never forget the heroes of the 18th century, the pioneers of liberty, nor fail in paying to their memory the most profound respect."

NELLIE EYSTER.

A FOURTH OF JULY IN SMYRNA.

WHENEVER the Fourth of July comes, and I hear the fire-crackers and torpedoes snapping, and see the flags flying, my thoughts carry me back to the days of my boyhood. Although it was in Greece and Turkey, yet when the "Fourth" arrived, there was quite as much enthusiasm and patriotism displayed and felt by Young America out there as here. To us there was neither North nor South, East nor West in the United States. It was one country to our young and unsophisticated minds, "The home of the free and the land of the brave,"—the fatherland of our parents, and the country to which we should go as we grew older, to enter college and carve out the destiny in store for us. There were placed our castles in the air, and to our youthful fancy its shores loomed purple in the far West, the habitation of all that was noble and good. We read of the French and Indian wars, and then our games represented bush-fighting, scalping, and house-burning, in a style that would have elicited the wonder of an Indian warrior; we read of Washington and his Generals, and then we reenacted the battle of Lexington and the fall of Yorktown. We also edited little papers in manuscript, containing thrilling tales, of which the scene was laid in America. The sight of an American bark coming up the harbor, with the Stars and Stripes flying from the gaff, was an event that required a half-day's holiday to talk over her and take note of all the peculiarities of build and rig that distinguished her from other American vessels running to Smyrna. But when a United States ship-of-war anchored in port, it was a white day in our lives, an era long to be remembered. Of course we went aboard, and felt several inches taller as we stepped on the clean decks, and proudly compared her build and armament with men-of-war of other nations also lying in the harbor. Well do I remember when the

Mississippi, the noble steam-frigate afterward blown up opposite Port Hudson, visited Smyrna with Kossuth and his family on board. The famous exile had a pleasant word for each of us, and one of his fellow-exiles amused us on the quarter-deck with tricks of legerdemain.

It must not be supposed, however, that we were allowed to entertain and give expression to our juvenile patriotism without having our sentiments put to the test. There were English boys there with whom we often associated, good, genial fellows; but they had read English history and had very strange notions, as we thought, about our Revolution and the War of 1812. In their blunt, Johnnie-Bull style they were in the habit of occasionally making certain statements about Washington, and the capture of the *Guerriere*, and old Zachary Taylor, which were any thing but soothing to our patriotic ideas of the perfection of American heroes. Arguments would naturally follow in words loud and furious, in which the rules of courtesy were entirely forgotten; sometimes, even, our arguments were enforced by clenched fists, and a rough-and-tumble roll on the grass. One such discussion comes vividly to mind, in which we had a severe fight, which did not end until my antagonist was driven against a stone wall and our faces were mauled to an uncomfortable degree. But the victory was as often on the other side, and at last accounts the relative merits of England and America in Smyrna were about evenly balanced.

But I started with the intention of describing a Fourth of July which we spent in Smyrna, and instead, my memory has run away with my pen. The day was beautiful as could be desired; the spot appointed for the celebration was the village of Bournabashy, nine or ten miles from Smyrna. Those who lived in the city started early,—some

on donkeys, others in boats which carried them half the distance, leaving them to perform the rest of the way on donkey-back. These parties both met in the village of Bournabát, where they were joined by two or three American families spending the summer there, and from thence the whole party proceeded together to Bournábashy. We formed quite an imposing cavalcade as we clattered in single file through the narrow, crooked streets of Bournabát, idle men and women and boys standing at the door-ways staring in astonishment; while divers curs of low degree, who had nothing else to do, barked at our heels, until two or three well-directed blows from the representatives of Young America sent them off howling. And indeed we presented a spectacle that is not often seen on the Fourth of July. Some of the graver members of the party were mounted on horseback, but most of us were astride of donkeys. In some cases a pair of panniers were slung on either side of a donkey, and in them were seated children too young to ride on a saddle, their curly heads appearing above the edge of the basket. One lad, proud in the possession of an American flag, waved it aloft at the head of the procession; and the effect of the whole was completed by the donkey-drivers who ran alongside of the donkeys, holding the ladies and children on the saddles, yelling at the poor brutes, and thwacking them lustily. Sometimes one donkey, more ambitious than the rest, would try to pass the others, "braying loud and clear;" this movement would produce a general rush, followed by a jam in the narrow street, or the pell-mell gallop of the whole party around an abrupt corner in the most comical manner, but with the serious peril of cracking our heads against some projecting wall or crushing our feet to a jelly. However, as we got out of Bournabát into the open country, we subsided into a gentle trot, and rode over the plain in the best of spirits. In passing through a hamlet on the road the same scene was enacted as before, every man, woman, and child in the place turning out to catch a sight of a spectacle that made quite an event in their monotonous lives, and gave them something new to gossip about. Some burly camel-drivers, smoking under a plane-tree, while their camels were drinking water at the village well, cried out, "God is great!" and "May the blessing of God be with you!" and other pious exclamations.

After an hour's ride we arrived without accident at Bournábashy. Winding through a narrow lane we emerged into the large green, around which were built the mud houses of the peasantry.

Although these houses were poor enough, yet they looked picturesque facing the green, each in a garden of its own, and half-concealed by the mulberry and linden foliage, through which peeped the red tiles of the roofs. At the lower end of the village arose several enormous plane-trees, towering to a great height and throwing the pleasant shade of their far-extending boughs over that end of the village. A small army could easily have encamped under the largest of these patriarchs of the plain. A brook hurried across the green, until under these plane-trees it was caught in a sort of cistern, where the women of the village were washing their clothes. Standing barefooted in the water, they soaked the clothes and then beat them on the white, smooth stone slabs of the cistern, all the while laughing and gossiping in the most artless manner. It was altogether the most delightfully rural scene I ever witnessed. A little farther on the brook, rippling over its clear sandy bed, wound through gardens where melons and grapes grew in abundance, and there, under some mulberry-trees, our party came to a halt. While the older members spread carpets on the ground and took the provisions we had brought out of the baskets and prepared for dinner, we who were young rambled about in search of amusement. After climbing a tree overhead and hanging the American flag from the highest branch, we proceeded to explore the neighborhood. Now we feasted on grapes from the vineyards, now we waded barefoot through the winding brook that led us into the most beautiful nooks imaginable, and every such discovery was followed by shouts of delight; or we played hide-and-go-seek among the thickets, or industriously applied ourselves to Schelik, a favorite game with boys in the East. It is very simple, and is as follows: Two small stones are placed about a foot apart, and on these a stick is laid. The player takes another stick two or three feet long, the end of which he passes under the other stick or wicket, and by a sudden dexterous jerk sends it forward and upward as far as possible; another player, who is stationed ten or fifteen yards off, strikes it back with a slender bat, as he would a ball. A third player, stationed a few yards behind the first player, tries to catch it as it flies from the blow of the bat. If he catches it he takes the place of the batter; if not, the one who batted it exchanges places with the first player. But the first player holds his place until the stick is struck by the bat and fails to be caught by the third player. It resembles our games of ball, but some practice is necessary to raise the wicket stick straight ahead for any

distance, and if possible beyond the reach of the bat.

In due time the dinner was ready, and all sat down under the trees in a circle, and proceeded to discuss the dainties prepared for the occasion. There were pies and cakes and cookies; cold fowl, and other viands such as are common in America, but are unknown to the natives of Turkey; then there were oriental dishes and fruits more delicious than any that are found in this country, just picked, and cool after being dipped in the brook, that sang us a cheerful song as we sat there and

dined. And, after dinner, according to the universal custom in the East, coffee was served up in the tiniest of cups; it was furnished by the coffee-house keeper of the village for ten paras, or a cent, a cup. I should not omit to mention that speeches appropriate to the occasion were made, and several patriotic airs were sung.

Towards evening we remounted and reached home by moonlight, some of the younger members of the party being found asleep in their baskets when the cavalcade arrived at Bournabat.

S. G. W. BENJAMIN.

BUNNY FROM PANAMA.

AINSLIE sat on the sofa with his foot up, looking very disconsolate. Dr. Marsh had been there that morning, and told his mother he could walk a little the next day, but must keep quiet till then, and Ainslee was very tired. Grandpa and Grandma had gone to Weatherfield to see Aunt Mary; nurse was sick and mother putting baby to sleep; and Sinny was picking up chips at home, and had been told not to come down again till he had filled the big wheelbarrow. Uncle Ainslee, coming into the cool sitting-room, saw a big tear roll over the bridge of Ainslee's nose.

"Why, what's the matter?" said he. "Where are all the people?"

"They're all gone away," said Ainslee, beginning to cry; "and I'm so lonesome, and I'm tired of every thing. I wish you'd tell me another story."

"One this morning, and a little one about twelve o'clock, and now another!" said Uncle Ainslee. "What do you think I'm made of?"

"Oh you know lots," said Ainslee; "and you can say 'em just as easy. Tell me a story about a squirrel again, — a real true one."

"Well," said Uncle Ainslee, sitting down in Grandpa's big chair, "it happens that I can tell you another squirrel story and a true one, though you may not like it as well as the first one. Fourteen or fifteen years ago, when I first went to California, and we had to cross the Isthmus on mules, for there were no comfortable cars to step into as soon as you left the steamer, as there are now," —

"What's the Isthmus?" asked Ainslee.

"It is the narrow strip of land which joins North and South America," said Uncle Ainslee. "On one side of North America lies the great

Atlantic Ocean: you looked out on a little of it when you were at Rockaway, just before you came here. On the other side is the Pacific Ocean, which you have never seen, and it was very much easier to stop at this Isthmus, and cross over to it in that way, than to go away down round South America and so up into the Pacific Ocean, as some people did. Every body rode over on mules, and then there were guides to show the way across, for there were woods and dreadful swamps into which we might have got, if there had been no one to tell us where to go. When you are old enough to study geography and read books of travel, you will understand about it better than you do now.

"They were building a railroad across this Isthmus then, and a good many hundred men were working on it all the time. I had something to do with it, and had been there for several weeks, very busy in one of the offices where they had money to pay the men. There was one poor man who had been a soldier in the Mexican War, and who had never gone home again, but stayed down there, — finally coming to the Isthmus to live when this railroad was started. Like a great many others he had a dreadful fever, and at last died.

"I had known him when a boy, and as he was very poor, and had no good friends about him except his one little boy, I stayed with him all that I could. Before he died, I promised him that I would take his little boy home with me, and if his grandfather were living, carry him there to be taken care of, till he was old enough to do something for himself.

"When the father died, I took him to the house where I lived, to stay with me till the next steamer came in. His name was Juan Ripley,

for he had been born in Mexico, and talked Spanish just as fast as you talk English, and he had this Panama squirrel which I shall tell you about. They are not red or gray like our squirrels, but pure white, with a black stripe running all the way down the back, from the tip of the nose to the very end of the tail. His teeth were bright red, and his eyes black and shining like black beads. Little Juan had bought him of an Indian, and loved him so that he could not make up his mind to leave him behind. So when the steamer came we carried him on board in a basket, and let him loose in our state-room.

"He would n't let any one but Juan touch him at first, but by and by he grew so familiar with me that he would run into my pocket for nuts, and sometimes sit on my shoulder and eat them. He was so pretty and cunning that all the people on board wanted to play with him, but he was very particular as to whom he was with, and would never leave Juan and me. Finally the long journey ended, and I took Juan at once to where his grandfather lived. He had died only a year before, and there was no one to care about poor Juan but an aunt who lived alone in the old house. She seemed really afraid of the black-eyed little boy, and after a time, as she was rich enough, she asked me to find a good school for him. Of course he could not take the squirrel there, and so when I left him, he gave it to me as the most precious thing he had in the world, and I brought it home here to Grandma's. I had bought a fine tin cage, like the one in which Tom and Mary put Mr. Squirrel, and Grandma was so afraid of Bunny that I shut him up in it. Then war began. He spent two days biting and tearing at the wires, and at last finding he could n't get out went up into his bed-room and refused to eat.

"When I came back from Claremont a few days afterward, poor Bunny seemed half-dead,—he ran down into the wheel when he heard my voice, and when I opened the cage-door and let him out, he jumped up to my shoulder and sat poking his little head into my beard and face—just as if he wanted to kiss me. After this we let him run about wherever he pleased, and he grew to know every one in the house,—though if any one but I tried to take him, he would chatter and scold just as you hear the red squirrels chattering sometimes up in the big butternut-tree.

For a long time he made no effort to go out-of-doors, though he used to sit in the window and chatter, as if he were talking to all the new and strange trees and birds he saw about him. At last one morning he made a dash for a syringa-

bush, and from that he jumped into the great lilac under the window, and then he ran off over the garden fence, and I was afraid he would get lost and never find his way back again. He was gone over a week, and, though I looked everywhere, was not to be found, when one afternoon, coming home from a ride, there was master Bunny perched on the gate-post, eating a blackberry, and a red squirrel up in the big butternut was staring down at him as if he did n't know what to make of it all.

"Bunny ran into my pocket when I got out of the buggy, and I put him into his cage when I went into the house, thinking it would be safer to have him there. He sat by the little door, seeming to think that it was only a joke, and that I never meant to keep him in such a prison, and when he saw me go toward the parlor door, he chattered and bit till I had n't the heart to keep him there another minute.



"That evening we had brandied peaches for tea, and Grandma put all that were left back into the jar, and tied a paper over the top of it. About nine or ten o'clock she went to the closet for something, and saw little bits of paper scattered about, and a peach-stone lying on the shelf.

"'Well,' said Grandma, 'I wish people would eat all they want at the table, and not go making such a muss all over the clean shelf.'

"I was pretty sure nobody but Bunny had been there, and started to look for him. He was not in the cupboard where he generally slept, and after searching a long time, I gave it up and went to bed. When I went into my room, there was Bunny, very drunk indeed, sitting on the bed-post, — his tail hanging down, his head on one side, his red tongue between his teeth, and such a silly, miserable look on his disreputable little face, that I laughed till Grandma came up to see what was the matter.

"He was very stupid for two or three days, and slept nearly all the time. When he began to feel better, I offered him some more brandy-peach, but not a bit would he touch. I gave him a lump of sugar with a drop of brandy on it; he ate all around the brandy, and then dropped the lump and ran, and I don't think he ever touched any thing of the kind again.

"Grandma kept her lump sugar in a large keg in the closet; and after Bunny had been there two or three months, there began to be complaint that the sugar went a great deal faster than it was used.

"There's nobody here that would steal it,' said Grandma; 'and the cover's always kept on, so that Bunny nor rats can't get at it. It does beat all where it goes to.'

"Finally one day the closet was cleaned, and the keg taken out to the light, showed a round hole just big enough to allow a large lump to pass through. Grandma was sure then that Bunny knew all about it, but there were no traces of sugar to be found anywhere in the house, till one day, looking about in the garret for some old letters, I found a curious nest under the window which opened on to a great crab-apple tree, in which we had often seen Bunny.

"The nest was made of twigs, and straw, and strings, and every thing he could find, woven in together and lined with soft moss, and there was a round hole in it just big enough for him to get into it. Looking about more, after a time, I found, under a board in a dark corner, a great pile of white lumps of sugar, some Brazil nuts, which I had kept in my room for him, an apple, some bits of bread and cake, and a grand supply of hickory nuts, stolen from the box in the garret. Master Bunny was laying up for winter, and the red squirrel must have told him that snow was coming, for he had never seen any thing but summer all his life, and could n't have known what to do of himself. Through that winter he slept in this nest a great deal of the time, coming out now and then to eat an enormous meal, and then going back again. His fur grew very long and thick,

and though he was often taken down-stairs he always scampered back to his house in the garret.

"When spring came on, something seemed to ail him; he was very cross and ate but little.

"Grandma had a girl in the kitchen with very red hair; and Bunny seemed to have a special spite against her. He bit her very hard once or twice, till at last she said, 'The little baste had the devil in him, and she should kill him.'

"Grandma shut him up in the cage, and he pined there two or three weeks, growing so thin that it was quite sad to see him. One day this red-haired girl had been giving him some fresh water, and did not shut the door of the cage. Bunny was out in a moment, and, fastening on her fat bare arms, bit and scratched till the blood ran in streams.

"This could not be borne at all; and after long discussion, Grandpa said Bunny must be killed. So one day a short time after, I took the cage down to the river. Bunny jumped and chattered as if he thought he were going to have a good time, and I felt very much as if I should cry. I was going away the next week back to California, and I knew he could not be left with any one at home, neither could I carry him with me. I cut off a little lock of his soft hair, and he rubbed his little nose over my hand and looked up as if to ask what I meant to do. Then I put him back in his cage, and sunk it under the water. Bunny was dead in a very few moments, and I lifted the cage and went home sadder than I have ever been at the death of any pet. I buried his poor little body under the yellow rose-bush, — the same rose-bush under which I had buried my pet kitten, killed by Old Towser a great many years before. The red-haired girl was glad, but even now I am always sorry when I think of poor Bunny."

Ainslee was crying fast when Uncle Ainslee stopped.

"I don't see how you could ever do such a dreadful thing," said he. "Poor little Juan's squirrel."

"It was kinder to kill him than to let him pine away in his cage," said Uncle Ainslee. "Besides, he would not let any one else but me touch him, and his sharp teeth might have done some one great harm."

"What became of Juan?" said Ainslee.

"He stayed at school for several years," answered Uncle Ainslee, "and then went with me to California. Some time I may tell you a little about his school-days; but here comes mamma now, and perhaps she has a story for you."

HELEN C. WEEKS.

BOBBING FOR EELS.

WHEN mosquitoes, if not liveliest, are very lively; when great brown owls "to-whoo," and little screech-owls "to-whit;" when the sluggish waters seem to flow more slowly; when the moon — well! is in China; then, if we take a "bob," get into an old scow, leaky and uncomfortable generally, and, reaching the very gloomiest spot of some altogether dismal creek, handle the "bob," with instructions not to move a muscle, but to let mosquitoes bite, and owls hoot, and hobgoblins grin on all sides — I say if we do all this we are, in the phraseology current where I live, "bobbing for eels."

Harry Pearson and Tom Collins determined one Saturday morning upon going bobbing, and as the proper equipments for such an expedition require considerable time to be prepared, let us follow them until they are ready to set out, and see what they do and how they do it. Then we will go with them to Watson's Creek, and learn the result of their trip.

Going to where the ground was quite soft, and angle-worms were known to be plentiful, they dug for and soon gathered nearly a pint. They knew that the earth-worm, as found in the ground, is usually tied up apparently in a hard knot, and that the sticky secretion of their bodies causes the dirt to adhere to them, so that little lumps of earth are formed, which give no evidence of containing a worm; when, therefore, they turned out a shovelful of soil, they carefully broke open each little clod, knowing that there was great probability of finding in it a good fat angle-worm. We have seen boys search for a long time and scold because they could find no bait; but the trouble was they looked only for such worms as happened to be conveniently stretched out full-length before them. After Tom and Harry had gathered the worms, they threw them into a basin of water, thus freeing them from every particle of dirt. Then each procured a skein of sewing-silk, containing about six yards. This they twisted very tightly and doubled, and then coated well with wax. Fastening a coarse carpet-needle to one end of the twisted silk cord, Tom now took up each worm separately and by the aid of the needle, ran the thread lengthwise through it. Stringing one after another, as you would glass beads, the effect, when he had finished, was of a very long worm; in reality, a row of them, measuring about nine feet. He made two, one for each of them. While Tom was thus engaged, Harry had taken

a convenient little hatchet and gone to a little gorge near by, where he selected two very straight, slender hickory saplings, measuring about seven feet each in length, about an inch in diameter at the butt, and a quarter of an inch at the extreme end.

These rods he carefully trimmed and neatly rounded off where they had been cut from the root. He returned with them to where Tom was, about the time the latter had finished stringing the worms, and now, with the required materials on hand, they set about preparing the "bob," which was a simple construction, fashioned in the following manner: Taking one of the strings of worms, Tom gathered it up into loops of about three inches, and with a piece of stout cord tied them in such a manner as to keep them intact. Then making a little groove in the end of each hickory sapling, he fastened the worm-loops to it by tying the free ends of the cord in the groove we have mentioned. This prevented the whole mass from slipping off when tugged at, as it would be by large powerful eels.

Now we have the "eel-bob" completed. What is the philosophy of it? It is this. Eels have good appetites, and still better digestive powers. They desire only quantity, although appreciating quality when they happen to meet it, in their swimings. Their motto is, when dining, — Once bitten, surely eaten. This motto gave rise to eel-bobs. When eels bite at the worms of a "bob," and they are very partial to them, the silk cord that traverses the body of each, slips between their pointed cylindrical teeth, and so long as the jaws are kept closed, of course the eel is securely held. Now they adhere strictly to the letter of their motto, and having bitten, endeavor with all their might to eat; and rather than loose their hold upon the dainty morsel they have seized, allow themselves to be drawn from the water, and unceremoniously shaken off the "bob," and dumped into the bottom of the scow.

Tom and Harry prepared their boat, so far as it needed any thing, that afternoon, and long before sundown were ready and anxious to start. Why did they not go then? Because they knew from experience that in all probability they would not catch a single eel, or get a nibble even, if they went. Eels are eminently nocturnal in their habits. Eel baskets and barrels are baited in the evening, and visited in the morning. No one expects to catch any during the day, and so do not try.

"But I have caught them in the day-time," I fancy I hear some one say. Well, so have I caught many a dozen morning and afternoon, and certainly they are on the go during the day; but they will not be captured by hobs until after the sun goes down, and then they are as easily taken as retreating land-tortoises are overtaken.

Probably one hundred eels are swimming from snag to cobble-stone, and musk-rat swim-way to splatter-docks, after the sun has gone down, to one that swam through the same water during the day. When eels are caught in numbers during the day, the probability is that they have been disturbed from their diurnal slumbers, when the line is first thrown into the water. They are gregarious, and when they hollow out for themselves a bed in the mud, generally a score or two — seldom less and frequently more — occupy it. Of course if a heavy lead-sinker were now dropped in upon them, it would wake up at least one, and the mass being tangled up, the one awakened could not move without disturbing every one of his companions. Once disturbed, they all swim blindly about, and are wholly indisposed to leave the nest they have made for themselves. Being thus congregated, a well-baited hook dropped among them is very sure to be honored by several, and maybe by each of the number so unceremoniously aroused from their accustomed sleep.

About eight o'clock, Tom and Harry started for the mouth of the back creek, which they well knew was a favorite one with eel-bobbers. The excitement of preparation and the starting out is one of the greatest attractions of all such expeditions. It was so in this case, and the oft-repeated question of each to the other, "Have we got every thing?" showed they were not insensible to the excitement of an anticipated adventure.

The main creek, in which the boys now were, wound with many a turn through a heavily timbered piece of low land, and the gloomy shadows cast by the overhanging maples, beeches, and birches gave the whole place an attractive feature, not to be realized during the day. Attractive it was, and yet it produced a quieting influence, one would think, very annoying to boys. Had Tom and Harry been rowing, as they frequently did, in the afternoon, they would have been talking, singing, and mocking every warbling bird that whistled or chirped among the trees. Now they floated quietly along, breaking the silence only by the dipping of the oars. The boys each noticed as they passed along, that about every boat-length they could see something come to the surface of the water, and hear a little snap like the breaking

of a very tenacious bubble. Tom, who was curious about every thing he saw, wished to know what produced these bursting bubbles, and not supposing Harry knew any more than he did, did not ask him, but wondered; while Harry, who was beginning to feel oppressed by the silence produced by the gloomy surroundings, was wondering if Tom noticed the bubbles, and if he knew what they were. If not he would like to tell him.

"Tom," Harry said at last, "do you notice those bubbles that come in the water, and then break?"

"Yes, I've been looking at them, and wondering what they were."

"Well, I can tell you," began Harry, much pleased with a chance to talk: "they are fish — no, I don't mean that, but fish come to the top of the water and let out a bubble, and it breaks with a snap as the fish goes down. Why it cracks so, is because it is a slimy bubble, like strong soap-sud bubbles. All fish swim about more at night than day-time, and as some are on the go all day too, I don't see when they do sleep."

"Perhaps they don't sleep at all," suggested Tom.

"Oh they must; and my idea is that they are asleep when we scare 'em out from under dock-leaves and such places."

By this time they had reached the mouth of the little creek, where they knew eels "most do congregate," and with the aid of the very little light that the trees permitted to come from the fading west to where they were, they examined the "bobs," and finding them all right, plunged them into the water, one on each side of the scow.

"Tom," said Harry Pearson, as they were waiting patiently for a tug at the "bob," "Father told me something funny about eel-bobbing last night, and I guess it won't hurt to tell you while we're waiting. Do you remember hearing him tell of old Jemmy Cumberford?"

"Yes, and if it's about him I'm all ears."

"Well, don't expect too much. What he said was this: Jemmy was very fond of bobbing for eels, and thought himself A No. 1 at the business. Well, his right-hand was a good deal stiffened up with rheumatism, and as he could n't handle eels very well with a stiff hand, he used to bite them in the neck, just back of the head. One night he felt a whoppin' big one pull at his 'bob,' and with a great flourish, and saying, 'Aha! Mr. Squirm-about,' he lifted the captured eel into the boat — that is, eel as he thought, and as he raised it well over the edge of the boat, he gave it a bite in the neck as usual. He thought when he did it that

it felt very rough, and muttered, 'The grand-daddy of all the eels about, I guess; his skin's all wrinkled up with old age.' When he got home, he told Father's Uncle Sammy — he lived there, you know — that he had the finest eel ever caught in Crosswick's Creek. Uncle Sammy was very much pleased, as he was very fond of eels; and after hearing Jemmy's account all through, they got a lantern, to go and look at it. Just judge of the proud eel-bobber's feelings, and Uncle Sammy's disappointment, when they found that 'The grand-daddy of all the eels' was a tremendous big water-snake!"

"Ha, ha! well, I just reckon I won't try biting," said Tom; "but I would like to feel one bite at — Ugh! there, Harry! catch it!"

"What are you trying to do?" asked Harry, seeing Tom stand up suddenly, and swing his arms wildly about.

"Well, that comes from listening to your stories, instead of paying attention to my 'bob'."

"What comes from listening to me?" asked Harry, somewhat confused by the demonstrations made by Tom a moment before.

"Why, the 'bob' was pulled right out of my hands, and there it goes now, floating down-stream. Don't you see it? I believe an eel has got hold of it yet, by the way it bobs about."

"Bobs about?" repeated Harry, with a little cough; "of course there are bobs about."

"There, now, never mind making fun of me or what I say; only let's go after it, or my sport will be done for." They drew up the anchor, and rowed after Tom's "eel-bob," and secured it with no little difficulty, as it was now quite dark. Getting hold of it at last, Tom felt a powerful resistance at the opposite end, as he endeavored to lift it into the boat. Taking hold of it with both hands, and using his strength advantageously, he lifted it with comparative ease now, and was rewarded with a fine eel that hung on until Tom gave it a hard shake, which sent it flying into the bottom of the scow. Immediately, they resumed their former position, and as soon as the commotion caused by moving the boat had ceased, and the boys had assumed favorable positions, one at each end of the scow, and had planted the bobs in such a manner as to be able to raise them easily and promptly over the boat, the moment they felt any thing pull at the sunken end, the biting commenced; and ever and anon the "bobs" would be very quickly but steadily drawn from the water. This would be followed by a dull thump! as the uplifted "bob" was shaken over the boat. Then a moment's squirming and splashing could

be heard, as the eel flounced; when all would again become quiet, while the "bob" resumed its position in the water, to be again in a few moments drawn out; which act would again be followed by the thump! and flouncing of the struggling eel. For half an hour the eels were abundant, bit eagerly, and the catching was briskly carried on. Then it began to decrease, and the boys began to yawn, and felt a little more sensitive to the "ping-ping-ping" of the mosquitoes; the dew damp seemed more chilly, the hooting of the owls more solemn, and each had faintly defined visions of a cozy couch, yet neither wished to be the first to speak of what he felt, lest he should be thought to be wanting in pluck.

Harry at last broke the silence, saying, "Let me tell you another little story about Jemmy Cumberland, and then we'll go. We've got over three dozen eels already."

"Have we?" inquired Tom, with a suppressed yawn.

"Yes. Here's the story. You know Jemmy used to drink a good deal, and get very boozy."

"Yes," drawled out Tom.

"Well, he and Uncle Archie Bartram were going fishing one day, and as they were walking along, Uncle noticed his right-hand was all crooked up, and he asked him if he had had it hurt ever — if he had met with an accident."

"No," said Jemmy, 'it's rumatiz.'

"Rum it is, no doubt," said Uncle to himself. When he came home that night, he told father about it, and they laughed a good deal. I did n't see what there was to laugh at then, but I do now."

"Well, I suppose I do, but I'm too sleepy," replied Tom, with an unsuppressed yawn, and then added, "Come, let's go."

"I'm willing," Harry replied, and pulling up the anchor, which was a big stone, so shaped that it could be securely tied by a rope, they started. Sitting side by side they rowed slowly along, looking back every few moments to see that they kept in the channel. Reaching the landing, they there fastened their boat. Gathering the eels in a basket, which was no easy job to perform until they half filled their hands with sand, which counteracted the slime of the fish, they were ready to return home, which they did, taking up the evening's catch between them.

Visions of a breakfast-table graced with rich, juicy eels, in three-inch lengths and beautifully browned, flitted through their healthy, sleepy brains all that night.

C. C. ABBOTT.

THE GIG-CART AND KITTEN-HOUSE.

THE gig-cart, so called, was a vehicle which William Gay, with the assistance of Watt Remsen, — the young man employed on his father's farm, — contrived to have made for himself; and the kitten-house was a structure which he built without any help for his cousins Mary and Louisa. In this article I propose to give some account of them both.

When William first conceived the idea of his cart, he proposed to make use of a pair of wheels which had belonged to an old baby-wagon. In a conversation which he held with Watt on the subject, Watt said that he supposed he might repair those wheels, and then make a new axle-tree, and put some kind of a seat upon it, so that Mary could amuse herself in drawing her doll about upon it, or possibly some very young child.

"But," he added, "such a concern would never answer for you. Boys like you require wheels as strong as those made for a horse-cart."

"Yes, but how can I get such strong wheels?" asked William.

"There is only one way that I know of," said Watt, "and that is to get them made at the wheelwright's."

"And then for the axle-tree and the seat?" said William.

"I could do that work for you," said Watt; "I could do all except making the wheels."

"And would you do it?" asked William.

"Yes, if your mother would allow me to take the time for it from my other work," said Watt.

"How much would it cost?" asked William.

"Why, I think the wheels would cost from five to ten dollars," said Watt; "and then, for my part of the work, it would take, say two days, and that would be two or three dollars more. Then there is the blacksmith work. A wagon for such boys as you ought to be well ironed. I think the blacksmith work would come to a dollar or two. We might perhaps, however, bring it all within fifteen dollars."

"I mean to go and ask my mother about it this minute," said William. So he went to his mother and proposed to her his plan. She listened attentively till he had finished all he had to say, and then she asked a great many questions about the work. Many of these questions suggested difficulties, some of which were rather serious, and William was afraid that his mother was taking a view of the subject that would lead her to an unfavorable conclusion. At last she said, "Go

and ask Watt whether it would be possible to make two top parts to the cart, — one to form a seat for a boy or girl to sit upon in riding, and the other a kind of cart-body, so that it could be used as a hand-cart when you are at work in the garden."

William was at first quite encouraged when he heard this question, and he ran off very eagerly to the shop again. In a few minutes he returned with an answer in the affirmative. That is, Watt said he could make a double top, only it would take him another day, and that, with the additional irons, would make the cart cost two or three dollars more. He could easily make a seat, he said, to take on and off, and also a small cart-body, with a tail-board and all. He could contrive them both to be fastened on with hasps in some way, so that they could easily be taken off and put on.

"Well," said Mrs. Gay, after having heard this report, "I think it is a very good plan. I should like you to have a good strong cart, that you and the other boys could run with as hard as you please along the road, without fear of breaking it in going over the little stones."

Watt, having received his orders, began his work that evening; that is, he began making his plans and drawings. Whenever he undertook any construction of that kind he always made drawings first, in order that all the details might be properly arranged.

The next morning he went with William to the wheelwright's. The wheelwright had a shop near the mill. He made wheels of all kinds for carts, wagons, wheelbarrows, and other vehicles, — though he was seldom called upon to make any so small as those which Watt came to order. They were to be about two feet in diameter, with iron boxes in the hubs for the ends of the axle-trees to turn in, and were to be bound with an iron tire. The spokes and felloes were to be made of the very best timber for lightness and strength — the wood to be in every part perfectly sound, — and were not to be painted.

After they came out of the wheelwright's, William said that he liked all that Watt had said about the wheels, except that they were not to be painted. He should like them much better, he thought, if they were painted of some pretty color.

"Ah, we will have them painted when the right time comes," said Watt; "but I wish to see them first, so as to be sure that the wood is all

perfectly sound. If they paint any wagon or carriage work before you see it, you never can tell how many cracks and flaws there may be in the wood, all covered up and hidden by paint and putty."

When the time came for the wheels to be finished, William went to the wheelwright's shop with his trucks, — for he had a pair of trucks made with small but stout wheels, by means of which he could haul moderate loads here and there, — and lashing the new wheels securely upon them by a cord, he brought them home.

In the mean time Watt had advanced considerably in making the axle-tree, and in getting out the stuff for the two tops, — the cart-body and the gig-seat. William of course took great interest in watching the progress of the work. Sometimes he could not make out what Watt was doing. For instance: Watt would take a board, and look at his drawings, and then begin to mark out some curious shape upon it by means of compasses and a square, and William could not tell what he was going to do; and he would ask what that was going to be.

"I can tell you," said Watt, "or you can watch me and find out yourself, as the work advances. You can imagine that it is a riddle, and you are guessing it, — unless you would rather have me tell you outright."

"No," said William, "I would rather have it for a riddle."

So William watched the processes as Watt went on with his work; and as his plan gradually developed itself, William proposed that Watt should send up the measure for the irons to the blacksmith, in order that they might be all ready when the wood-work was done. But Watt said that the best way was to wait until the wood-work was completed, and then send that to the blacksmith's, in order that he might fit the irons to it exactly.

"Why can't you just as well send him the measure beforehand?" asked William.

"He could not work exactly enough to the measure," said Watt. "Neither could I. We blacksmiths and carpenters in the country think if we work to the sixteenth of an inch we do pretty well, but in fitting iron to wood, in carriage work, we must come a great deal nearer than that."

"I should think he might make it exactly the right length," said William.

"No," said Watt, "that is impossible. It is not possible to make two things of exactly the same length."

"I can," said William.

"Try," said Watt.

So William took up from under the bench two pieces of wood shaped like rulers, only one was longer than the other. He laid the longest one down upon the bench and put the other upon the top of it, and then marked the length *exactly*, as he thought, and finally sawed off the long stick where he had marked it. He then put the two sticks together, and finding, as it seemed to him, that they were of the same length, he brought them triumphantly to Watt, saying, —

"There!"

Watt asked him to set them up together, on end upon the bench, and see if the tops came to exactly the same height.

"Yes," said William, after making the comparison, "they do."

"Suppose somebody should say that there was a little difference," said Watt, — "a *very little*, — and that one was a *very little* longer than the other, and that he would give you a big apple if you could tell which the longest one was; look and see if you could tell."

"I can get as many apples as I want," said William, "without that."

"An orange then," said Watt.

William then examined the ends of the sticks again.

"Yes," said he, "*this* one is the longest. But it is only a *very little* the longest."

"True," said Watt, "but they are not *exactly* alike."

"Well, I can make them exactly alike," said William, "for I can cut off a little from *this* one."

So saying, William took the one which was longer than the other, and with a sharp chisel shaved off a little from the end, and then, trying them again by setting them up side by side, he said that now he was sure they were equal.

"They look equal," said Watt, "I have no doubt — but that is not a true test. There is another test much truer than sight."

"What is it?" asked William.

"Feeling," said Watt. "It is very curious that though sight is a much superior sense to feeling, in most respects, yet feeling is a much more delicate test of magnitude."

Here William began to feel of the tops of his two sticks, as they stood upon end before him on the bench, and he said he could not feel any difference between them at all.

Watt directed him to take a large clamp which lay upon the bench, and to open it so as just to take one of the sticks in.

A clamp is a very curious instrument, made for holding pieces of wood firmly together when they are glued; for it is necessary when you wish to glue any thing that the parts should be pressed very tightly together until the glue is nearly dry. Many children fail in their attempts at gluing from not knowing this, or from not having the means at hand of clamping their work. A clamp consists of two bars of wood and two long wooden screws passing through them, in such a way that the bars of wood can be set at any distance apart that is desired.

Watt directed William to turn the screws of the clamp until he had opened the bars just wide enough to take one of the sticks in lengthwise between the jaws, and then to set the bars firmly in that position, which can be done by turning one of the screws a little more than the other. Then he told him to put one of the sticks in between the jaws and take it out, and observe how hard the ends of the stick rubbed against the sides of the opening, in being put in and taken out.

William did so.

"And now do the same with the other," said Watt.

William tried the other, and found it would not go in at all.

"It won't go in," said he; "I must open the clamp a little."

"No," said Watt; "don't touch the clamp. But don't you see that if the second stick won't go in, it is because it is longer than the other?"

"Well," said William, "I can shave off a little more;" and he tried for some time to make the two sticks of so nearly the same length, that one would rub just as hard as the other, and no harder, in going in and out; but he could not do it. He, however, was convinced of one thing, and that was that he could *feel* a much smaller difference of length between two bars of wood than he could see.

"In great machine-shops," said Watt, "where they work in iron and steel, they have a kind of an instrument which they use expressly to measure with by feeling. They call them calipers. They can feel the difference of a thousandth of an inch, they say, in a steel axle or spindle. In making nice and accurate machinery, they have sometimes to measure as nicely as that; but a *sixteenth* of an inch is as near as we can usually work by measuring, in common carpenter and blacksmith's shops."

When the wood-work of William's carriage was finished, the wheels were put upon the axle, the cart-body was put on, and the seat, which was in

the form of a seat for a gig was put into it; and the whole taken up to the blacksmith's to be ironed. When this was done it was taken to the painter's to be painted. All these operations consumed of course a good deal of time. It was three weeks from the time that the vehicle was first planned before it was finished. When it was finished, and the paint was dry, William was extremely pleased with it, and was very glad that the work had not been hurried through.

The two tops that had been made for the vehicle, Watt called the cart-body and the gig-body. Either could be taken off from the axle-tree and the other put on. They were fastened on by hasps, which were very strong and secure, and yet could be set free in a moment. William had some difficulty in determining what name to give to the whole vehicle. He could not call it a cart, for sometimes it was a gig; and he could not call it a gig, for sometimes it was a cart. So he concluded to combine the two names and call it his gig-cart. And a most excellent gig-cart it was.

"How long will it take the paint to dry?" asked William.

"About a year," said Watt, coolly.

"A year!" repeated William, astonished.

"Yes," replied Watt. "Paint becomes dry enough not to come off on your hands in a week; but it is very tender and will rub off easily, long after that time. It does not get fully hardened till about a year. But this gig-cart of yours is made expressly for rough usage. So you need not wait for the paint to harden. You can knock it about as much as you please, — run it up against posts and trees, and load up the cart-body with sharp stones. In that way the tender paint will get bruised and rubbed off here and there, but that's no matter."

"Yes, it is, a great deal of matter," said William. "I shall do no such thing. I shall be very careful of it, and not run it against any thing until the paint gets perfectly hard."

"Then you'll have to be careful of it for a whole year," said Watt.

William very wisely concluded that using the cart-body for work in the garden would be more trying for the tender paint than riding about with the gig, provided he was careful, in riding, not to run against any thing. So for nearly a fortnight he was content to use his gig-cart as a gig, and during all this time the cart-body was left in a sunny place to dry and harden.

And now for the kitten-house.

William had made a rule that Mary and Louisa must not take their kittens out to the swing.

The reason why they were not to take their kittens there was for fear of their frightening away a squirrel that lived in the grove close by.

They had brought this squirrel to the place in his log, the winter before, as related in the April Number, and the squirrel had continued there ever since. The log remained in the place where they had put it, under the trees in a little thicket, and when the leaves came out, and the grass and flowers grew up around it, it was almost entirely concealed from view.

And yet little Bunny himself never had any difficulty in finding his hole, which was in a little crotch of the old log, where a big branch had come out. The squirrel had dug out the inside of the log, so as to make it quite hollow, and to afford room for all the stores of nuts and corn that he wished for. One reason why he stayed in his log, after the boys moved it from its former place in the woods to a spot among the shrubbery so near the house, was that William never did any thing to frighten him, or to molest him in any way; and he moreover carried out to him from time to time broken ears of corn, and nuts of different kinds, which he placed on the ground, or in the trees about there, in places where the squirrel could easily find them.

The little thicket where Bunny's log was placed formed part of a grove where William and his cousin John had made their swing. The swing was in an opening in the grove large enough for it, and there was a good seat by the side of it. William and John made the seat, as well as the swing. The swing was formed by a frame with sides like the letter A, so as to be braced both ways, and with a stout cross-beam above, extending from the peak of one frame to that of the other. The irons for the swing were screwed into this cross-beam.

The swing was so near the place where the log was hidden that the children when swinging, or when sitting on the seat waiting for their turn, could often see the squirrel running about on the trees, playing or looking for the nuts and the corn which William had placed there for him. This was the reason why William was not willing that the children should bring their kittens there. He thought it probable that Bunny might be afraid of them, and so might run off and not come back again.

But he said he would make a house for the kittens, and the children being greatly delighted, he set about it at once. Watt helped him a little

about the planning. It was a kind of box, about eighteen inches long and nine inches wide. It was divided by a partition in the middle into two parts. One of these parts was finished in the form of a cage, with wires, so that the children could, if they pleased, play that their kittens were lions in a cage. This was Louisa's idea, and William made it so to please her, although it led to a great deal more work.

The other half of the box was inclosed on all sides so as to make a small room, about nine inches square, which Louisa called the kittens' bed-room.



There was an opening large enough for the kittens to creep through in the partition between the bed-room and the cage, with a kind of sliding door turning on a centre formed by a screw above, by which the passage-way might be closed, and one or both the kittens be thus shut in the cage, or shut out of it, just as the exigencies of the children's play might require. Besides this door between the bed-room and the cage, there was another which led from the cage into the open air, by means of which the kittens could go in and out.

The top of the cage part was fixed, — the wires which formed the sides passing up through it and holding it. But the top of the bed-room formed

a lid, which moved on hinges, and which could be lifted up when necessary, to see what the kittens were about inside. Louisa was very much pleased with this lid. She said it would be very handy for them, in tending the kittens, if ever at any time they were sick.

The middle board, which formed the partition between the bed-room and the cage, was pretty strong, and the upper edge of it projected a little above the cage in the centre, and was there formed into a handle, somewhat similar to the handle of a knife-basket. This handle was an idea of Watt's. He thought it would be convenient for the children in carrying about the kitten-house from place to place. And in order that the whole house might be light, and thus easy to carry, William made it of very thin boards.

When the house was nearly done, Louisa took the measure of the bed-room, and made a bed just large enough to fill it. This bed was made of two pieces of cloth, sewed together all around the edges, and with a sheet of cotton batting between. This made a nice soft and warm bed for the kittens to lie upon, and they liked it very much. They liked it after they became used to it, — for at first they did not know what to make of their house, and especially of the cage part of it, and were very eager to get out of it whenever the children put them in. But after a time, by treating them very gently and tenderly, and never forcing them to go into the house when they were in a mood for playing, and especially by feeding them in it very often, the kittens soon learned

to feel quite at home in it, and liked it very much.

There was a very convenient arrangement for feeding the kittens in the cage, — one which Watt contrived for this express purpose. The wires in the front of the cage did not come down quite to the floor. The lower ends of them were set in a bar of wood, which passed across from side to side, about an inch and a half above the floor. This space of an inch and a half was too little to allow the kittens to come out, but a saucer could be slipped in there very easily, and then the kittens could drink milk from it. Louisa did not put the milk in the saucer first, for fear of spilling it in sliding the saucer in, but slid the saucer in under the slit first, leaving a small portion of it outside. Then with a little pitcher she could pour in the milk over the edge of that portion of the saucer which projected outside the bar, and the kittens could drink it on the inside.

The place where the kitten-house was usually kept was in a corner of the piazza, which was almost always cool and shady, and where the children liked very much to play. But by means of the handle they could carry it wherever they pleased. Sometimes they carried it from one place to another with the kittens in it. They would lie curled up together inside, in the most comfortable manner possible, and seemed rather to like the ride; though Ebony, which was the name of the black kitten, was at such times very fond of putting his head half out of the door, so that he could peep and see where they were going.

JACOB ABBOTT.

TERRA NOVA; OR, COAST LIFE IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

III.

THE desolate winter that commenced to frown in October, is slowly passing away; but we must wait as patiently as possible for April rains and May sunshine to chase the last remnants of ice and snow from the ravines and northern hill-slopes. Even then the chances are we shall have the harbors filled with ice-fields from Baffin's Bay, — chilling the air and throwing back vegetation. It may be truly said of Newfoundland, that —

"Winter lingering chills the lap of May."

Scarcely any thing like a spring day may be expected before June. When summer comes it is

with a rush. In one week the fields are as green as emerald, the trees blossoming, the flowers blooming, and the air balmy and fragrant with the exhalations of alder, spruce, wild rose, and lilac. Across the meadow, where the heavy dew sparkles in the morning sun, and the brook gurgles and murmurs, comes the well-known

"Chip, chip, chip, chip — che-e-e, cha,"

of the cock-sparrow, at regular intervals; while high up, on the top of a fir-tree, the thrush warbles out his sweet liquid notes.

Ah! but there are yet two dreary months of

frost and storm before us: how shall we pass the time away? There are no lectures, no concerts, nothing to see or hear in the way of public entertainment of any kind. If we were fishermen, we might do as the rest are doing, — mend nets, build boats, repair houses, get out wood, or prepare for the fisheries of spring and summer; but we are not, and so must amuse ourselves as best we can, — gunning, sliding, skating, and listening to the old yarns of Skipper Billy, Aunt Polly, and Captain Scupper.

One source of amusement with us is to visit the docks and wharves where the vessels are undergoing the process of preparation for the seal-fishery. The first of March, the day on which the sealing-fleet sails, is close at hand, and the atmosphere is filled with the odor of boiling tar; while, from morning to night, we hear nothing but the clatter of hammers and mauls, the shouting of sailors, and the barking of dogs. Besides all this there are several new or partially new vessels to be launched in a day or so, which will create a great excitement in the community.

Captain Scupper has a six-oared boat on the stocks; the keel is laid, the stem and stern-posts set up, and most of the other timbers ready. It is interesting to stand beside the old man and see him at his work, and hear his quaint remarks and odd stories, as he fits his little timbers out in the cabbage-garden, where the sun shines and the house shields us from the nipping north wind.

"Lads," said the Captain one day, "do you know why this 'er boat is like me?"

We could not tell, unless it was because both had ribs.

"Well, that 's not a bad rason," said the Captain; "but 't is not the true rason why she 's like me. I 'll tell you. When she 's all completed, and there 's nothin' more to be done to her on the land, then men will come and carry her off and lower her down into the great ocean; so when the A'mighty does all he can for me, and I 'm all finished up, men 'll come and carry me off, and lower me down into the ocean that 's got no shore. That 's how the boat 's like me."

We hoped it would be a long time before that happened.

"Ah! it can't be long, lads; it can't be very long," replied the old man in a cheerful tone that contrasted strangely with the melancholy nature of his remarks.

One bright frosty morning the Captain planned an expedition over the ponds, to get some sticks for his boat, and to give us an idea of wood cutting — the great winter-work of Newfoundlanders.

Tackling three stout dogs to the catamaran, and providing ourselves with a gun and ammunition, we partook of a hearty breakfast of bruise, or boiled sea-biscuit, cold beef, and coffee, and started off about 9 o'clock in the morning.

"I suppose we sha'n't meet with any wolves, Captain?" said I.

"No, no; there bain't no wolves nor bears in these parts now, though I mind the time when both was plenty enough. Aye, great white bears — I've seen 'em come ashore from the ice jess down yander," said the Captain, pointing to a cove about a quarter of a mile away. "There is plenty of foxes and hares where we are goin' tho'!"

The old man was lashing the ropes over the bar of the sled, when he started up suddenly and exclaimed, "I'm blest ef it ain't!"

"Is n't what, sir?" we ask.

"Is n't the nineteenth day of Febwoary," replied the Captain, bringing his hand down heavily on the horn of the sled.

"It is, sir; and what of it?" was our next query.

"Why, only this, that eight-and-forty year ago this blessed day, I came as nigh losin' the number of my mess as ever I was in my life; yes, indeed, eight-and-forty year ago this day," said he, with another forcible push on the horn.

"How, sir?"

"Well, I 'll tell you when we gets home to-night, mubbe. Ah! poor Sam Drover, that was the last of he. 'T is a long story, and I wants to be in the chimberly cornder to tell it. — Now, then, is we all to rights? Jump in and hold on to the horns, lads. Get along with you, Fanny; ha, you sleepy huzzy! That 's the idlest dog a'most I ever see; she would n't do a mossel o' work ef she 'ad her own way — not she."

"Too well fed, sir."

"There, that 's jess it! and look at the gratitude o' the baste!"

The fact is the Captain was so kind and indulgent to all about him, that his good easy nature was often taken advantage of even by dogs, who have almost as much conscience and a great deal more gratitude than the lords of creation themselves.

After laboring over the first hill, a long, level barrens stretched out before us, the pure white snow reflecting the rays of the sun so as almost to dazzle our eyes. There were some eight or ten other dog-teams accompanying us to the long woods; and very exhilarating it was, thus gliding along at a rapid rate, — the men shouting and

singing snatches of merry songs, and the dogs barking and yelping through every note of the gamut, ploughing up the fine snow with their noses, and appearing to enjoy the glorious sunshine and bracing air.

Newfoundland dogs are not trained by the lash as Esquimaux dogs are; but the driver keeps up a constant shouting; and it is amusing to hear the hubbub: "Git along there, you Bosen! — pull, Spot! — ah, you lazy old Cæsar! — Ge'long, ef you wants any thing to eat — What are you about there, Ring? Ge-a-a-a! ho-ooo-ray! Well sed, Bosen! hooray, sess boy; sess boy, kitch 'én boy — that's the talk fur you! Ge-a-a-a! hoó! hoó! hoó! sess boy — sess-sess-sess!" — and so on for miles and miles. Over hills and barrens, down gulleys, and through low, scrubby spruce, dwarf firs, and alders, and over wide marshes, where are many dangerous, unfrozen holes, — over plains and ponds — on and on we go, — bouncing, bumping, gliding, spinning, shouting, singing, till we come to the long woods of pine, birch, and juniper, spruce, fir, and mountain ash.

We lost many of the Captain's stories, owing to the impossibility of a continuous conversation; but, while smoothly gliding over a long pond, we heard one anecdote that was rather amusing. It seems the old man must have been talking about his dogs.

"Yes," said the Captain, — he generally began a story by saying "yes," — "and I had another dog, and he were the drollest dog of all the dogs I ever see! Now I believe that dogs is like min in regard to morals — that I do. This dog, — Trigger we called 'en, — he was a thief and a coward, and mean-sperited, and moreover so lazy as a snail; and all I kipt 'en fur was out ov compassion to the critter. Why, I'm blessed ef he would n't lay down on the ground in the eye o' the sun, and let all the hens go to roost on 'en, jess the same as ef he were a manure heap, — and he warn't much better, too, fur all he cared. He had n't a mossel of pride in hisself, not a partikal. And then ef he had to pass by a little poodle-crackey he'd stick his tail between his legs, and limp along on three legs so as to make the poodle-crackey think, 'Well, he's not wo'th a snap — he is n't.' Such a born coward! But that warn't his wo't fault: he was a tarrible thief — tarrible, no doubt! Why, he'd hug home any thing he could get a hold on, — pots and pans and kittles, boots, shoes, garments, fish, meat, and every thing you could think on. Ef he had n't a ben my property he'd a been shot fur long ago; but we used to find out the owners of t'le articles among

the neighbors, so they used to laugh and say Trigger was the comicailest dog and no mistake! But one day he was kitched, — kitched in a trap as was never made fur a trap, too. He sneaked into a neighbor's yard a-smellin' about, and came across a large stone jar half filled with pot-skimmin's. 'Well, here's a prize,' says he, sticking his head into the jar; but out of it he could n't git it. So off he goes with the jar on his head, and the grease a-runnin' down into his two eyes and mouth, blindin' and chokin' of en; and he a-howlin' like blue murder, and all the boys after en, and the women a screechin' after en; and away he goes, helter-de-skelter, right over the cliff, and into the sea, and down to bottom, and was drowned, — and that's the end of Trigger!"

While we were laughing at this melancholy event, a loud report like a distant cannon seemed to shake the ice beneath us.

"Hah!" exclaimed the Captain, "sow-west wind! That's the ice a-crackin', and is always a sign of mild weather." The Captain was right; for in less than twenty-four hours there was a free thaw with mist.

We crossed three ponds divided from each other by narrow necks of land. Newfoundland is remarkable for ponds. Standing on a high hill, in any part of the island, scores of ponds of all sizes may be counted. In the interior they are not only numerous but very extensive, — one of them, Red Indian Lake, being over forty miles long and six or seven miles wide. Splendid trout are abundant in all these waters; and, in the brooks running from them, trout and salmon-peel are so numerous that they are frequently taken in nets. It is remarkable, that besides eels, no other freshwater fish are ever seen in the country.

But to continue our story. As we were passing through a forest of firs, the Captain detected the tracks of a partridge, and bidding us look after the dogs, he took the gun and disappeared among the trees. In about ten minutes, Bang, bang! went the fowling-piece, the report echoing and reverberating among the piny ridges. While we were calculating as to the probable success of the Captain, out he came, panting and puffing, with no less than *three* fine snowy-white partridges.

"Well done, Captain!" we shouted, running to meet him.

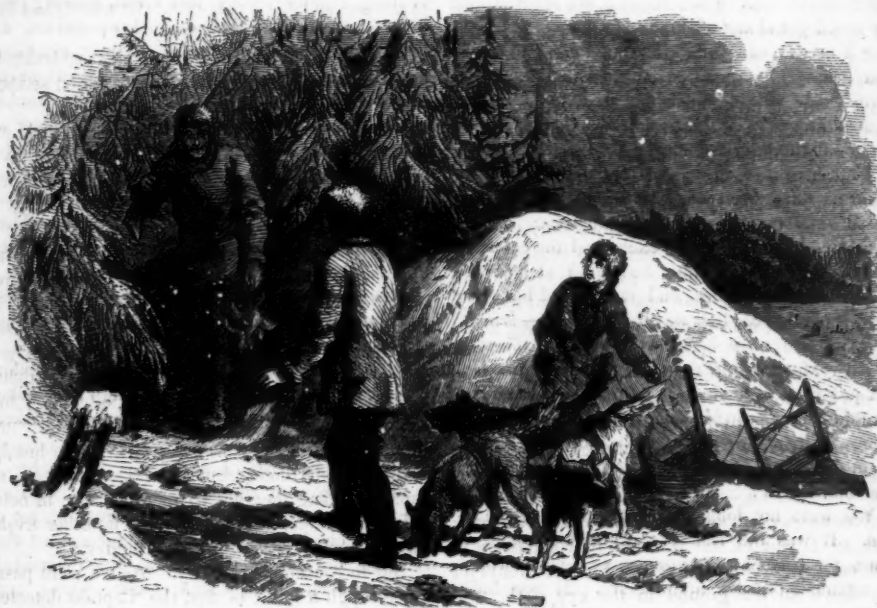
"Ah!" said he, "my sight — my sight — is not what it was, lads; but it warn't a bad shot f' all that, — two on the ground and one to wing!"

After this little adventure we came to the banks of another pond, when the Captain told us we had arrived at our journey's end. We were only

about seven miles from the sea-shore, but the last house was five miles behind us; while before us, for three hundred miles, was a trackless, unknown wilderness.

The dogs were loosened, and the old man went off in search of his timbers. We diverted ourselves looking at the woodmen loading their catamarans. Some thirty or forty sticks of wood, about nine or ten feet long, are placed on a sled; one of them, protruding two or three feet in front, is called the "guider;" this the woodman seizes with his right hand, while the "dragging rope" passes over his left shoulder. It is quite an art to lash the wood on the sled so firmly as not to

be started by the bumps and jolts of the gulches and hillocks. Getting out wood in this manner is not only inconceivably hard work, but it is attended with considerable peril to life and limb, for the heavily laden catamarans plunge down the hill-sides with fearful rapidity, notwithstanding a chain, called a "spancel," is passed underneath the runners to impede their velocity. It is exciting to stand and watch load after load flying past, ploughing up the snow in blinding clouds, and looking as though men, dogs, sled and all must be "knocked into cocked hats" before they reach the plain, six or eight hundred feet below. Of course, to guide these sleds requires great skill,



coolness, and courage, which noble qualities seem to be inherent in Newfoundlanders, being early inured to difficulty, danger, and hard labor.

Noticing that the sticks of wood were covered with black and white lichen, and a kind of yellow moss like bunches of tangled hair or thread, one of the woodmen told us it was "moll-down." The Captain informed us afterward that this is the food of the deer during the winter. We endeavored to eat some ourselves, but found it had a bitter, resinous flavor, and any thing but palatable diet — for boys at least.

"P'raps you'd like some *frankum*, boys?" asked one of the men, handing us a lump of frankincense, or chewing-gum, which is found in great

abundance on the old spruces, and also in the mouths of the women, *frankum* being the feminine "quid o' backy."

We had wandered away some distance from the Captain, but presently we heard him shouting, — "Messmates, ahoy!"

On returning, we found he had got all the timbers he needed, and we assisted him in packing his load.

"Now," said he, wiping the perspiration from his furrowed brow, — "now, boys, s'pose we haves our bit o' grub afore we start; I feels as ef I could bite a piece out o' the hatchet!"

We were hungry enough, too; but, horrible to relate, we came away and forgot the package of

beef and bread that Aunt Becky had done up for us! On informing our commander of this, his under-jaw dropped, and he gazed at us with a vacant stare of astonishment; at last he exclaimed, slowly and emphatically, nodding his head at every word, —

"Well, ef that is n't a pooty kittle o' fish! A pooty kittle o' fish, to be sure. Now, I must say you're nice young men to have charge o' the supplies. Why, you'd starve a whole ship's crew; aye, would you. You'd go to sea and forget the prog! Well, well! now ef that don't beat the Dutch!"

As we were well aware that the Captain's solicitude was all on our account, we assured him we could get along without any thing to eat.

"You can, can you? then all I have to say is you'll have to carry me, for I can't, that's certain sure." He stood for a while scratching his ear in meditation. "Hah! I knows what we'll do, — we'll eat them birds."

Had he proposed to eat one of the dogs, we could n't have been more surprised, and we confessed ourselves unable "to go raw meat."

"Raw, bless you, no!" exclaimed the old man. "Billy Martin's tilt must be round about here somewheres; we must find it out and have our birds cooked in the best way I likes 'em, — *briled*."

While we were beating the bush for the road to Billy Martin's tilt, the Captain kept on saying, "A pooty set of fellas to be pursers, no doubt! I take my davy, you'd commit starvation! To go to sea without prog, hey! Why, the missus will be in mournin' for we when us gets out, ef we ever does do so!"

We were not long in finding the Martin mansion. It was the rudest and humblest kind of house imaginable. A respectable beaver would be ashamed of such architecture. It was built of upright sticks or studs with the bark on, the spaces between being filled with moss. It had a sod roof with a hole in one end to serve both as chimney and window. It was scarcely high enough for a man to stand upright in; in a word it was a tilt, or what is called a winter-tilt. These cabins are erected in the woods so that the wood-cutter may not have to travel fifteen or twenty miles a day; and being intended for winter use only, they serve their purpose well enough.

"When we came to Taffy's house
Taffy wa' n't at home."

In fact Taffy's door was locked.

"Well, I don't care for that," said the Captain. "Any port in a storm, you know, is sailor's law. Now here, you're limberer in the limbs than I be;

can't you hop up on the ruff, and drop down the chimberly and open the door?"

No sooner said than attempted. But just as I was lowering myself down the sooty hole, like a sweep, a voice from a neighboring hill-side came to my ears, "Hah — I — caught you, — you — young rascal!"

Of course I hesitated.

"Never mind," said the Captain, "that's only his fun; let go all!"

I dropped on the embers of an extinguished fire, and running to the door, easily forced back the bolt. Pretty soon we had a good fire on. We boys plucked the game, while the Captain rummaged round for salt and bread, abusing poor Billy for his lack of neatness on his premises. To us it was great sport; and a merrier, more impudent, or more innocent gang of burglars never picked lock before or since. The only trouble was, the smoke would n't go up the chimney, or at least not until the house could hold no more. Chopping onions was nothing to it! In the midst of our cooking, in rushed the lord of the manor, with a great glittering hatchet on his shoulder. "Well, then; who be youse?" was his rather ungracious and inhospitable salute.

"Oh ho! Billy Martin!" shouted the Captain, dissecting a partridge, "welcome! welcome! come in, and don't be such a stranger!"

"Oh ganneys! that ain't you, is it, Captain Scupper?" said Billy, peering through the smoke.

"Ain't it? how do ye know it ain't?" asked the Captain.

"Te, he, he! yes, I see it is. Te, he, he!" grinned Billy, — a simple, good-natured soul as ever lived, — who briskly bustled round; got a kind of a one-legged table rigged up against the wall; set out his dinner-service, which consisted of two broken bowls, three cracked plates, and two flat stones (stoneware!) also a case-knife and a jack-knife, used for cutting tobacco, to which we preferred our own pocket cutlery. We had tea and molasses boiled together, a beverage only palatable to one who is extremely fond of senna. We had hard tack that *was* hard tack! The grand dish was the broiled partridges. It was a rough meal; but no aldermanic banquet was ever more relished. After we had eaten our fill, and the dogs had thoroughly cleaned the plates with their pretty pink tongues, Captain Scupper presented Billy with the feathers until he was better paid; and we set out on our journey home, which we reached without any further adventure.

HARRY BOLINBROKE.

LAZY BUNCH.

THERE was once a little boy who lived all alone in a little red house by the river. His father and mother were dead, and he had never had any brothers or sisters; so you can imagine how very, very lonely he was; with no one to talk to, and no voice to hear but that of the river as it rushed past his house; and that sound only made him the more lonely.

Now little Bunch had one very bad fault: he was terribly lazy; if he had occupied himself by working in his garden, or the door-yard; or by piling his wood, or picking up the chips, or doing any of the work which an industrious boy can always find to do, he need not have been so lonely; but he did nothing but sit on his door-steps, or throw stones into the water, all day long.

This want of exercise had made him very fat, and I think it was on this account that people called him "Bunch."

Once a hen strayed away from her own home, and came into Bunch's barn, which pleased her so much that she immediately laid an egg in his hay. Bunch was delighted at this, and gave her some corn, so that she concluded to stay there; and every day she put a new egg into her nest, until at last she had ten there; and then she sat down upon them, and did not leave them except for a few minutes at a time, when she wanted something to eat or drink, until one morning, ten tiny chickens picked their way out of the shells. Bunch was so much pleased to see them that he really exerted himself to make a coop for them; but to make his work as easy as possible, he drove the stakes into the soft sand, down on the river's bank, and a few days after he put them there, there came a hard rain, which so swelled the river that it rushed up the bank, and swept away the crazy coop, with the poor hen and all her little chickens. Bunch really felt ashamed of his share in this sad accident, and he sincerely mourned the loss of his pets.

After this, he lived alone for several weeks; until one morning, feeling as if he could bear it no longer, he sat down in his door, determined to ask every thing that went by to share his home, and see if he could not get somebody to live with him.

It was very early in the morning, so it was some time before any thing came along, and Bunch was almost tired with waiting, when he saw a nice, comfortable-looking old cow coming up the road, chewing her cud and whisking her

tail. Bunch shouted out, "O good Mooley Cow, please come and live with me; I live all alone in this little red house, and I want some one to live with me." The cow turned her head, and looked at him with her great soft eyes, as if she wondered he could ask such a foolish question; then "Moo" she said: "There are two little girls at home who could not live without the nice warm milk I give them every night and morning. I am going to the pastures now, to eat the sweet grass and yellow buttercups, that I may get a good bagful of milk to take home to them to-night. Moo!" So the faithful old cow went on her way.

Presently Bunch saw a lamb coming up the road. "Oh!" thought he, "that is nice; I am sure such a pretty little lamb as that will have nothing to do but to play with me!" So he called out, "Pretty little Lambie, please come and live with me; I live all alone in this little red house, and I want some one to play with me." "I'm sorry for you," said the little lamb; but I have no time to be idle. I am going to the river, where my master's men are washing sheep; they want us all there, and my wool is to be cut off to make my little mistress Mary a pair of warm stockings." So the little lamb skipped down the road.

Bunch was rather saddened by this; but he was not discouraged. "After all," he thought, "it would be much nicer to have a cat." This thought was still in his mind, when he looked across the road, and saw a beautiful great gray cat coming toward him.

"Pussy, pussy," said he, "won't you come and live with me? I live all alone in this little red house, and I am very lonely; please come, pussy."

"Mew, mew!" said the cat; "I can't leave my mistress; she loves me, and feeds me well, and in return I kill all the rats and mice for her; there would be a great many in her house if it were not for me. Oh! I am a very useful person, I assure you, and I have no time to waste with idle boys." Here the cat made a fierce jump at a beetle in the grass, and would say no more.

"Oh dear," sighed Bunch, "I wonder why every body in the world is so busy! Perhaps dogs do not have any thing to do; there is a big fellow coming toward me now: I'll try him." So he called, "Doggy, Doggy!" but the dog

would not look up. Then he whistled; and at this, the creature came up to him, stopping at a



safe distance to see what he wanted. Then Bunch asked him, as he had asked the others, to come and live with him; the dog wagged his tail, and looked pleased with the invitation, but he said,—

"Oh no! My master's sheep would all be stolen, or would run away, if I did not watch them. I have just been home after my breakfast, and I must hurry back on to the hill as soon



as possible. So good-by;" and with a hearty "bow-wow!" the good dog ran on his way.

"Oh dear, dear!" said Bunch, "what shall I do? Is there any other animal I can ask? Oh yes! I haven't asked a horse, and that would be better than any thing else, for then I should never have to walk down to the village, but could ride on his back. Oh, I am so glad I thought of that! There is a white one coming, this very minute; rather an old one I am afraid, but he will be all the more steady and contented in his new home."

So as the horse came toward him, Bunch called out in a loud voice, "Good old horse, will you come and live with me? I will be very kind to you, and you shall not have any thing to

do all day. I live all alone in this little red house, and I want some one to live with me, for I am very lonely."

The old horse stopped before him very gravely, and looked at him with surprise; then he said: "My little boy, before you are as old as I am you will have learned that an idle life is not the happiest one. I work hard all day, and I love to do so. How do you think my master's fields would be ploughed without me? How could my sick mistress live without the ride I give her every afternoon? Who would carry little George and Nelly way up the hill to school every morning, if I should leave them? I love them all so much too that I could not be happy to live with any one else. I came up to the river to drink now, and to wash my feet; but I must go right home again." So the old white horse walked quietly away, and Bunch was left alone once more. But he had hardly time to think of this disappointment, before a great, fat, dirty pig came waddling toward him.

"O Piggy, Piggy!" shouted he, "please come and live with me. I live all alone in this little red house, and I am very lonely: do come, good Piggy."

"Ugh, ugh!" said the pig; "yes, I'll come, if you will feed me well; I have nothing else to do."

"Oh! that is nice," said Bunch; "walk right into my kitchen, if you please, and I will get dinner as quickly as I can." So the fat pig went in at the door, and lay down with a grunt, to wait until his dinner was prepared.

Bunch made up his fire, and put a kettle of water on the stove; but as it was some time before it boiled so that he could make his hasty pudding, the pig went fast asleep; and when dinner was all ready, Bunch had to poke him to wake him up.

The little boy had set the table nicely, with two bowls and spoons, and a great dish of the pudding in the middle of it, and placed two chairs; so that the pig climbed up into one, when he found it was expected of him; but then, instead of waiting to be helped, he stuck his great nose right into the dish of pudding, and ate it all up in a minute.

This conduct shocked and displeased Bunch, but he was too much afraid of offending his new companion to say any thing about it; he only went quietly and refilled the dish. He had done this three or four times, when the pig said he would bring the next. "No," said the little boy, "I would rather get it myself, I thank you;"

but the pig would go, and so they both went, — Bunch carrying the dish, and the pig walking close at his side.

When they got to the stove, Bunch took the great cover off the kettle, and was preparing to dip out some more pudding, when the greedy pig gave a jump, and tumbled head first right into the great kettle of hot pudding!

Bunch seized him by the tail, and tried to pull him out; but he was so heavy, the child could not lift him at all, and the kettle was so deep the poor pig could not get out himself, and so he struggled and squealed, until the poor little boy could bear it no longer, it distressed him so to see the suffering he was not able to relieve; so he put the cover over the poor creature, and went out-of-doors to wait until he was dead.

"Oh dear!" said Bunch, "this is a sad ending to my dream of happiness! After all, a pig is a disgusting creature: I wonder if 't is partly because he is so lazy? I wonder if all lazy creatures are disagreeable! How much better I like the horse, and the cow, and the faithful dog, who were all too busy to stay with me! I wonder if I should really be happier myself, if I had something to do! I mean to try it and see. I will begin this very day, and see if I cannot work so hard that I shall have no time to be lonely."

When these meditations were ended, the little boy went into the house again, and found his kitchen filled with the delicious odor of a nice rich dinner.

Bunch was very hungry, for he had had none of the pudding himself; so he got his carving-knife and fork, and helped himself to some nice bits of the pig, which was now thoroughly boiled, and ate a hearty dinner. "Poor Piggy!" he thought, "it seems very cruel to eat you; but after all, I believe that is all you were good for."

Bunch carried his new resolution into effect,

and after this he was never idle. He learned from a kind neighbor, who was glad to help him when he saw him willing to work, how to make



his garden; and he worked in it diligently every day, until in a few weeks people who passed by stopped to admire it, instead of lamenting the growth of the weeds, and the waste of the land,



as they had done formerly. And when he carried his vegetables to market to sell, the farmers there said, "See! This little Bunch, who was once so lazy, has now become a pattern of industry. Our sons would do well to copy him."

M. H.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

VI.

For a comprehensive book on Natural History, intended to educate observation in children, we know of none better than Dr. Worthington Hooker's, "The Child's Book of Nature, (Harper & Brother's, New York, price \$2.00.) The volume

consists of three parts, each of which may be obtained separately, (price 90 cents each,) the first treating of plants, the second of animals, and the third of air, light, heat, water, and the like. The first two parts are most useful for the purpose

of which we speak, — reading for children who go into the country. The author rightly considers that it is facts, phenomena, which a child wants to know, and accordingly he begins with the most simple and obvious ones, going on by a natural process to those which are more complex and remote. The language is very perspicuous, and skill is shown in leading the interest from one point to another; there is no weighing down of the child's mind with bundles of disconnected facts, and the manner throughout is that of a kind friend and companion, — say of a schoolmaster off duty; for the book is intentionally an educational one, but not pedantic. We know of nothing so good as this fat little book for a country companion, and like all really well-made educational books for children, it is very attractive to their elders.

Of books on special points in Natural History we have very few which are suited to the end of helping children to observe. Our Naturalists just at present seem most busy in making catalogues and labeling specimens; and while there have been some very interesting observations of habits, the results are either scattered in the proceedings of scientific societies or published in large works under comprehensive systems. The task of writing hand-books in Natural History, which shall be accurate and yet familiar, is likely to be done best by amateur Naturalists of scientific training, and it is our impression that the next few years will see some admirable works from this class of writers. An impulse has been given to the study of Nature; and the numerous associations of scientific men, which include also non-professional students, are likely to give birth to interesting works.

A pleasant little book for those who live or visit by the sea-shore, is "A First Lesson in Natural History," by "Actæa," (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, price 75 cents,) a book which was prompted perhaps by the rage for aquaria that reached a height five or six years ago. The writer, known as the wife of an eminent Naturalist, tells in a familiar way what one may see

on the shore at Nahant, and finding sea-anemones is led on naturally to speak of corals and coral-reefs, coming back again to more familiar sights in jelly-fishes, star-fishes, and sea-urchins. Both of these books are fully illustrated.

The English have made several handy little books of this kind, of which those by J. G. Wood, "Common Objects in the Woods," "By the Sea-shore," &c., are best known here; but while objects of Natural History in America are often scarcely dissimilar from those in England, so that it seems at first sight quite as well to use books made for English readers, yet a moment's reflection will show that it is this very approach to sameness which should make us careful how we apply descriptions and explanations of English Nature to objects here bearing the same name.

There is absolutely nothing else, so far as we can discover, which can be recommended for just the purpose we have been keeping in view. There are text-books, made upon systematic rule, and extensive works, published by Government or otherwise; but hand-books, which tell an intelligent boy or girl what to find in a country ramble, and carry on their knowledge a little further than their unaided eyes would be likely to lead them, of such books there is a lamentable want.

One thing in conclusion it may be worth while to say, that it is worse than a delusion to expect that children will acquire any true love for Nature by reading that class of books which have sprung up within a generation, which profess to let one into the secret of Nature. Whatever value these works, headed by "Emerson's Essay on Nature," may have for those who can bear them, it is cruel to put them into the hands of a reflective boy or girl. The result can hardly fail to be most mischievous, leading them to make looking-glasses of all the flowers and rocks and pools of water, in which to see their unfortunate faces. Rather let us have the old tales of heathen mythology. They have a meaning for such as can see it, and are harmless prattle to those that are dull.

THE WINDOW-SEAT.

The Hour of Bells and Crackers.

I HAVE set up a garden on the roof, outside of my window. When I was a little boy I used to see pictures in books of gardens on roofs in Germany, with little children sitting among the flower-

pots; and my notion of oriental houses was of flat-roofed buildings laid out on top with flower-beds, and people walking up and down gravel walks. Now that I am grown up, I have a garden four feet long and nine — inches broad; but as the roof

is rather narrow, I have to sit inside on my window-seat and admire my garden. To make sure of having flowers, I planted verbenas and heliotropes just ready to blossom, and one tuft of lobelia already in flower; so I consider my garden a very flourishing one. Besides, there are the morning-glories, — not the ones which I used to have: I am almost afraid to say where they are, and I meant to say nothing at all about them, — but those I am going to have, which are to climb all over my window and make it so dark with blue flowers and green leaves that I shall have to desert my window-seat and go into the country for light.

Just now, looking into my garden and over it into the street and beyond and up into the sky, I begin to think of a story which I mean to tell some day, but which just now is a little backward, like the mignonette and morning-glory seeds in my garden. I have long wanted to tell the story, and once began it and wrote a few sentences. It is to be a story about a Rocket. I have not decided yet why and where the Rocket is to be let off; but there is to be a little boy to touch it off, and I have had some thoughts of fastening something on to the Rocket which it shall carry up into the sky. Once I thought of having a grasshopper skip on to it just as it was going up, — a very ambitious and self-conceited grasshopper who would be telling his neighbors that he was going to jump very high, and sure enough, should, much to his own astonishment, jump a prodigious height by means of the Rocket. I have not thought so

much about the going up of the Rocket, however, as I have of the coming down; and here I mean once for all to do justice to the much-abused Rocket-stick, which is always being laughed at and treated contemptuously, as if it were its fault and not its virtue that it should come down quietly and in the dark. The Rocket-stick in my story is to be tied on patiently and to go up calmly, without having its head turned by the great fuss going on over it, and then, coming down, I mean to have it meet with a very delightful surprise. I have not yet determined what the end shall be, but rather think I shall make it come down feet foremost, and stick into the earth of some little garden, just where a sweet-pea is coming up, there to stand firmly, while the sweet-pea twines around it and covers it with its blossoms. There is to be some more ending to it, I believe, or at any rate something is to be done to prevent the sweet-pea from going to seed, and the Rocket-stick from being pulled up. I am not sure, too, but I shall have some little creature crawl up into the empty powder-horn and make a comfortable home there. At all events, our fierce, fiery Rocket, that blazes off into the sky, is to have a quiet peaceful life in the sunshine afterward. Very likely, while I am writing this story I shall have other thoughts in my mind, and perhaps think of that cannon in the picture which has become a nest of birds; of the field of wheat that waves over the battle-field; of the men and women who are boys and girls now.

THE EDITOR.

LAST NUMBER'S LEGACY.

In the puzzle-picture, "A secret Foe the most Dangerous," those who have not already discovered the foe will find him in a fox whose head is formed by the wing and body of the partridge on the right. There are, besides, a goose flying, formed by the branches of the tree over the birds, and two faces formed by the twigs in the upper right-hand corner of the picture.

The answers to the Charades are *Dolphin* and *Morning-glory*.

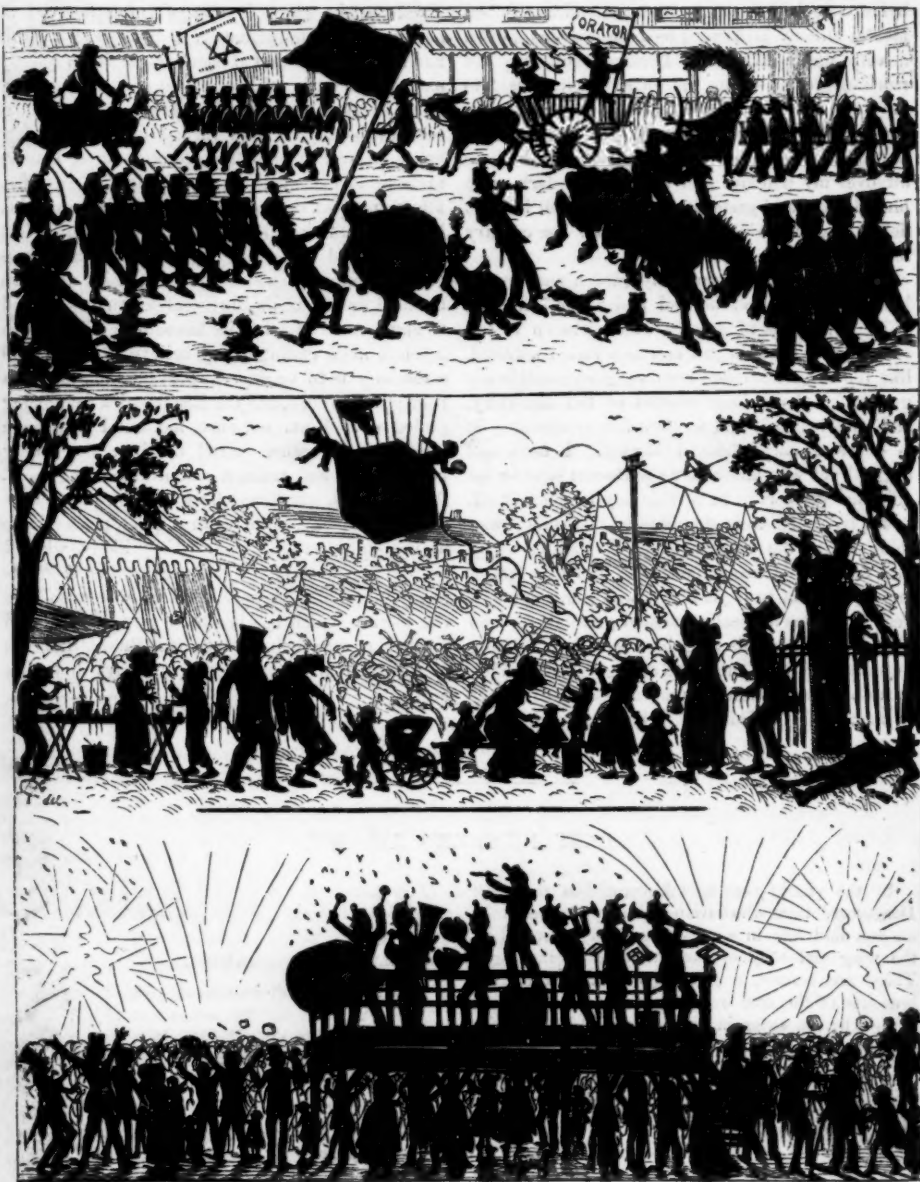
The names of six Garden Flowers are: *Drum-mond-phlox*, *Fox-glove*, *Daisy*, *Bachelor's-button*, *Pansy*, *Candy-tuft*.

CHARADE.

THE act of wickedness my first;
My last, my first makes men to be;
My whole a sailor bold, once curst
With human load he could not see.



THE GLORIOUS FOURTH.



FOURTH OF JULY, — MORNING, AFTERNOON, AND EVENING.

M70U



UoP M

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met seven wives.
Every wife had seven sacks,
Every sack had seven cats,
Every cat had seven kits.
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were going to St. Ives?